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Doug Mountjoy is in the pink at his recent spate of victories, but these hot shots of his daughter Yvette would cure anyone's blues. *Mayfair* has potted exclusive nude pictures of the pocket Venus, we'd all like to kiss on the cushions. Cue Yvette!

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American aircraft rust in peace in the Arizona desert where the sands of time have produced an eerie spectacle

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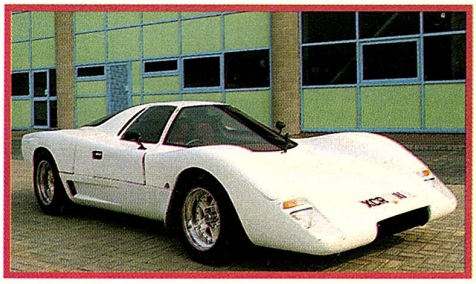


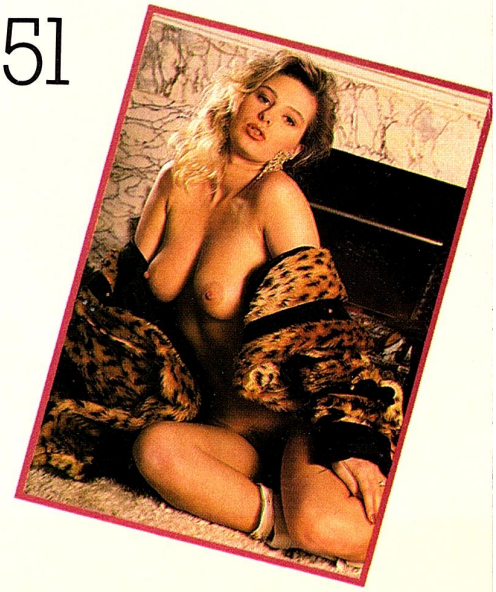
Some kit cars are a cheap alternative to conventional vehicles, but not these UVAs. One costs over £32,000

70

CENTRE GIRL

No wonder the men of Nottingham are merry, they have Amanda Kendall on their doorstep. Amanda is a real book worm, and will be slipping off her jacket to show you the contents on our centre pages. Her favourite author? D H Lawrence which should inspire sons and lovers everywhere to flick through our pages for this novel set

51



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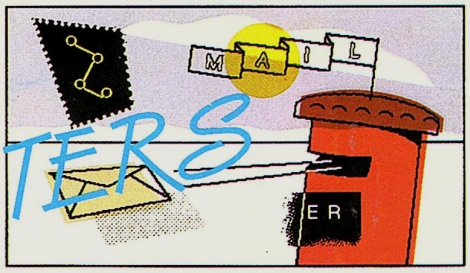


LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Wonderful witch

I must admit after seeing the set of Alfreda Erice in Vol 24 No 1, I have fallen completely under her spell.

What a gorgeous lady, and a trainee witch too. I've always liked ladies with a hint of mysticism about them, and Alfreda certainly has that in abundance, along with a beautiful body and seductive face.

When I was younger, I used to go out with a girl exactly like her. She too also used to like the occult, and often tried to entice me into joining her local coven. I actually went along once, but didn't really like it. Unfortunately, because I didn't share my girlfriend's beliefs, she dumped me for a wizard who supposedly had magical powers.

Oh well, at least your set of Alfreda has brought a few of the more memorable moments of our brief relationship flooding back. Thanks again.

AG, Glamorgan

Fond reunion

About six years ago, something happened to me that will remain high on the list of my memorable moments. At the time, I was living in Wokingham, and had just got divorced from my wife.

One night, a week after my 40th birthday, a life-long friend and I were returning from a quiet drink. As we neared my house, we met up with the daughter of a neighbour of mine. Carol was 19, and worked for a large company. It was obvious she had been drinking, but she was nowhere near drunk. I had always found Carol attractive, and in the state I was in, the conversation was a little more risqué than usual. My friend Mark, who had also met Carol before, joined in the conversation.

Carol explained that she was going to live and work in London, and saucily added that she hoped her new neighbours would be as handsome as the ones she was leaving. Mark got quite excited by this comment, and invited Carol back to my house so we could say goodbye properly (I knew what he meant by this, and it wasn't a quick gin and tonic).

Judging by her reaction, Carol knew what he meant instantly, and to my surprise she replied, 'I'd love to.'

With only 20 yards or so left to my door, Carol walked between Mark and I, linking our arms with hers, and the excitement began to mount. Subtle build-ups were not to be the order of the day or night. No sooner had we stepped inside than Mark was hurriedly trying to undress himself, and help Carol out of her clothes at the same time. She had a lovely body with just a hint of adolescent plumpness left. Mark and I were licking our lips in anticipation. That night, Carol showed her experience by managing to keep Mark stiff longer than half-an-hour. I think that was due to the fact that Mark who was a committed 'bum man,' had a perfect example at his disposal in Carol. When Mark left a short while later, I had Carol all to myself, and we wasted no time in getting to know each other. When she left a few hours later, I thought that would be the last I'd ever see of her.

I contemplated writing to you about this experience at the time but decided against it. So, why tell you now? Well, a lot has happened in the last 6 years. I've moved now, and got a job as a lecturer nearby at a large college. This move was to provide me with a completely unexpected reunion with Carol. It was announced that the college was holding a careers' convention for up and coming young professionals, and one of the people who attended was Carol.

When I met her, I wondered whether 6 years later she would still feel the same. We went out to dinner and talked about old times. By now, Carol had blossomed into a really attractive lady. Before the careers' convention ended, I tentatively invited her over to my house for a meal.

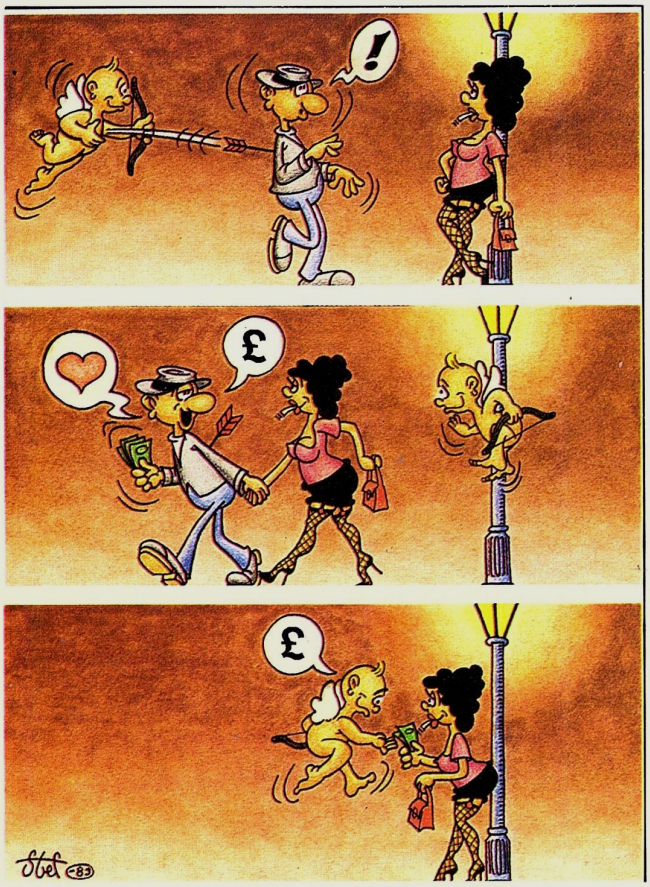
Due to the fact that I am 46, and Carol, 24, I presumed our relationship would remain a purely social one, but oh how wrong I was.

After we had finished a second bottle of wine with the meal, tiredness had taken over. By now, it was too late for Carol to go back to her hotel, so I offered her the spare room which she happily accepted. Imagine my surprise when I came out of the bathroom to find Carol sitting on my bed. She stood up, walked over to me before kissing me softly on the lips. Before I had time to speak, she told me that for the last 6 years she had wanted to see me again, but thought I'd regretted our last fling. Nothing could be further from the truth.

That evening, Carol spent a lot of time on her back. I couldn't keep my hands off her large breasts and quite wonderfully bushy fanny, not to mention her terrific bottom. You tend to pace yourself when you get a bit older, I did this perfectly.

We have met up a couple of times since, and continue to enjoy the occasional romp.. It's certainly given this 46-year-old a new lease of life, and an experience I'm happy to share with your readers. After all it's got the ingredients of a good story, two main characters, a blossoming relationship cut short, a reunion 6 years later, and a happy ending. If you do decide this will cheer the hearts of your readers, can you withhold our names. We don't want Mark finding out just yet.

Name and address supplied



Two minds

I feel a bit strange writing to you, because I don't know how many letters you get from 20-year-old women. I feel that if I don't tell anyone what has been happening, I'll go mad. Your letters page has provided me with an audience who won't judge or criticise, and more importantly, who don't know me.

As I said, I'm 20 and have just moved home away from the Midlands. My move has been a promotion of sorts. Everything has been going well, and that has also included (before my move) my sex life. I pride myself on looking equally as good in jeans as I do in evening dress, and so I was able to take my pick of any eligible young men who showed interest. Unfortunately, my last boyfriend moved to America, so when I began my new job, I was feeling a little down.

Luckily, I soon 'made a friend.' I found a flat in an old Victorian

turn to page 8

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Did you miss 38D teenager Zoe Lee who bust into Vol 21 No 12? Then get a back number. Order from the list below or buy our £5 five-pack: Vol 20 No 11 plus Vol 21 Nos 1, 4, 9 and 12.

Other back numbers available include:
VOL. 20 No. 11 *(Marvellous Marina, The Black Watch)* £1.65; **VOL. 21 No. 1** *(Miss Scotland finalist nude, skate-sailing)* £1.65; **2** *(Julie from The Late Late Breakfast Show, Gloster Gladiator)* £1.65; **3** *(Miss Austria nude, Kent's vicious smugglers)* £1.65; **4** *(Marianne, the girl who beat Joan Collins to Peter Holm's bed, Spitfire)* £1.65; **5** *(Starbird of the Year finalist Tracy Neve, Andrea Kovic, The Kayak raid on Singapore)* £1.65; **6** *(The de-throned Miss France, Kamikaze)* £1.65; **7** *(The real Makepeace look alike, Nuclear submarine disasters)* £1.65; **9** *(Nudest Cambridge MA, Prussia's army of giants)* £1.65; **10** *(Princess Siggi strips, Alfa Romeos)* £1.65; **11** *(TV hostess Sue Lee, Death of a stunt pilot)* £1.65; **12** *(Lydia's ghostly strip, E-type Jaguars)* £2.50; **VOL. 22 No. 1** *(Pop star Mel Appleby, Free-fall parachuting)* £2.00; **2** *(Duncan Norvelle's girlfriend, Flying with NATO's fighters)* £2.00; **4** *(Debee Ashby's first nude pictures, Early Jaguars)* £2.00; **5** *(The MP's nudest secretary, Microlight aerobatics)* £2.00; **6** *(The sexy secretary from 'Rude Health', Blue-blooded Bugattis)* £2.00; **7** *(Elisha and Louise — the birds bared by the Beastie Boys, The hellish war galley ships)* £2.00; **8** *(Barest MP, Sacred Cowes)* £2.00; **9** *(The Hostess From* Bob's Full House, *Canoeing Down Cliffs)* £2.00; **10** *(Richard Branson's lady's nude modelling days, DIY planes)* £2.00; **11** *(Princess Stephanie's love rival,* Penthouse *editor nude, Huey the helicopter hero of Vietman)* £2.00; **VOL. 23 No. 1** *(Sir Ralph's Lee Ann, Byron)* £2.00; **2** *(Chris Quinten's girlfriend Jacqui Bell, The Great Escape)* £2.00; **3** (Grange Hill *schoolgirl Paula-Ann Bland, Baader-Meinhof)* £2.00; **4** *(Miss Poland poses, the Dracula mystery)* £2.00; **5** *(Natalie Banus — first time nude, GTO Ferrari's)* £2.00; **6** *(Maria Whittaker, Armada)* £2.00; **7** *(Karen Brennan, Fifties US cars)* £2.00; **8** *(Sabrina strips, the original Jack the Lad)* £2.00; **9** (Daily Mirror *Dream girl Amanda Forbes, Niagara)* £2.00; **10** *(Andrea, the MP's wife, Rock stars' sex in public)* £2.00; **11** *(Rock fan Julie Wilson, Britain's UFOs)* £2.00; **12** *(Your 40 favourite Girls of the Year, Jack the Ripper)* 2.70; **Vol 24 No 1** *(Tony Jacklin's birdie, Bonnie Prince Charlie)* £2.30; **Best of Mayfair No. 3,** £2.25; **Best of Mayfair No. 4,** £2.50; **Best of Mayfair No. 5,** £2.65; **Best of Mayfair No. 6,** £2.65; **Best of Mayfair No. 8,** £2.90; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer No. 1,** £2.70; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer No. 2,** £2.70.

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continued from page 6

house, and soon got to know the couple who lived in the flat above mine. Martin was an accountant and his wife Paula a council worker. I soon realised that although I found Martin quite attractive, I was being drawn to Paula.

Recently, I seem to have spent as much time in their flat as I have in mine. Then, one Friday, I was returning home late from a business dinner, when I met Martin and Paula coming in from a meal. They invited me in for a coffee, and while Martin was making it, Paula told me how attractive I looked, and I started to blush. When someone pays me a compliment and I blush, it normally means that I fancy them, so I felt doubly embarrassed. As Martin was working on the Saturday, Paula invited me around for lunch, and I happily accepted. During the lunch, I could feel myself becoming more and more attracted to Paula. Eventually, after a second bottle of wine, I confessed my feelings to her. I felt so stupid, I nearly ran out. Me, a homesick young girl with a crush on a woman 10 years older than me. Imagine my surprise, when Paula replied, 'I've been waiting for you to say this for weeks.' I didn't know what to do or say when her hand gently touched my knee, and moved up my thigh. I'd felt like this before, wanting the hand to go higher, but this was with my last boyfriend, not with another woman.

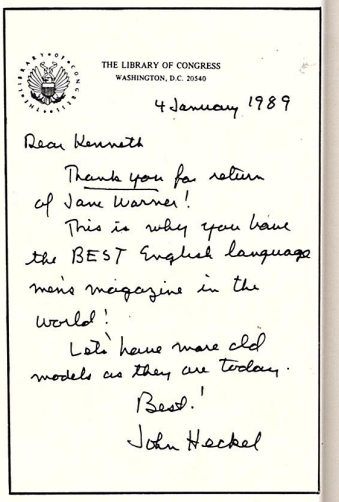
When we embraced, I started something which could well change my life. I stood up, and very nervously started undressing. Paula sat and stared. When I reached my cami-top and knickers, I moved the straps of my top over my shoulders, and let it fall, exposing my breasts. Paula came over to me, and placed her hands around my waist, pulling me towards her. She slid her hands down my sides, and slipped my panties down. My knees nearly buckled as she kissed my upper thigh and lower stomach. Paula ushered me over to the sofa, and stood over me as she began undressing. When she had removed her clothes, she lowered herself down between my legs. Her experience certainly showed as she caressed every part of my body.

A little while later I fell asleep. When I awoke, I found Paula and Martin standing over me smiling. No sooner had I come to terms with the situation, then Martin began to undress.

Suddenly, all three of us were in the bed together. Paula had first go, and was taken rather strongly from behind by Martin. When my time came, I straddled him and bucked away as if there was no tomorrow.

That was last week, and the scenario has been repeated once again. I'm very worried about getting involved with this married couple, even if I am getting the best of 'both worlds.' Being in such a confused state, writing this letter has helped. Thanks for listening.

Name and address supplied



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4 January 1989

Dear Kenneth

Thanks you for return of Jane Warner!
This is why you have the BEST English language men's magazine in the world!
Let's have more old models as they are today.
Best.
John Hackel

Services rendered

As two girls in our early twenties, we enjoy reading *Mayfair*. Whilst reading the Christmas edition, it brought to mind a little adventure involving both of us that took place a couple of months ago.

Sally and I share a flat together, and this is where it all began. One evening we decided to have a girls' night at our place with a few good friends, the odd bottle of wine and a couple of saucy videos. After a few hours of drinking and giggling, our friends started to describe in explicit detail some of their more risque encounters with members of the opposite sex. Whether they were tall tales or not, Sally and I began to realise we were missing out on some hot stuff.

Later when everyone had gone, we decided in our alcohol-fogged minds to do something about it that very night, but the problem was how to get a man for the job. Sally then had the wonderful idea of manufacturing a mysterious water leak which would need emergency treatment. We scanned through the yellow pages, and came across a plumber who seemed suitable.

When he arrived at our flat half-an-hour later, Sally and I were not too disappointed. He was in his mid-thirties, well built, and judging by the bulge in his trousers, we knew we would be satisfied with his work.

With Sally in the bathroom as planned in nothing but a towel, and

turn to page 110

'That's Yog, he's a real nutter. He calls that one ''Visions of The Future''.'

Alicia

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Ask 22-year-old Alicia Peters if she thinks blondes have more fun, and the answer will be a resounding no. For Leicester-born Alicia, a striking red-head with a 34-24-36 inch figure, believes many men prefer the more classical look of the auburn haired lady. 'I think a lot of men associate women who have red hair as being hot tempered and fiery, and find them a real challenge.' It's not surprising that Alicia is such an expert on hair. She works as a mobile hairdresser, and has clients all over her home town.

'It amazes me the things people tell me when I'm cutting their hair. Sometimes I feel more like an agony aunt than a hairdresser,' Alicia laughs. 'On one occasion, a customer broke down in tears after telling me about a string of affairs she had had behind her husband's back.' One of the strangest requests Alicia received was when she went to cut an elderly woman's hair in a farmhouse. 'I had just finished, and was packing my equipment away when her daugther walked in with a giant Old English sheep dog, and asked if I could give him a haircut too.'

Alicia loves to relax by watching old black and white films. 'I'm a great fan of these, and once in front of the television on a Sunday afternoon watching a 50's classic, there's no budging me.' Her favourite actress is Marilyn Monroe, although she was a blonde. 'If you asked me to name one single actress who has had the biggest hold over the male population, it would have to be Marilyn. She was such a star, no other woman could come near her.' Alicia is blessed with acting talent herself, and wanted to go to drama school when she was younger. 'Unfortunately, my parents couldn't afford to send me, so I decided to make a career out of hairdressing instead.' She still acts in the odd role for her local drama club, but prefers to concentrate on her business. 'Eventually, I'd like to run my own salon, so I could watch everybody else doing the work, while I sit and watch the afternoon films.'

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Toilet training

On page 84 we take an in-depth look at things lavatorial in our feature *The Toilet Role*. We've flushed out all sorts of fascinating facts including that the world's best known waste product used to go under the charming title of 'chamber lye' (rather a good name for an ancient butler, we feel). However author Colin G Davis fails to mention a particularly tacky product from the Kayser Novelty Co *(Lot 901, 4th Avenue, Sydney 2171, Australia)* who specialise in remarkably inventive bondage and punishment gear. Their range includes a perspex toilet complete with straps to secure your errant slave's head in! If that doesn't teach them, nothing will.

A stroll on the front

Mayfair is justifiably proud of its historical features on famous conflicts from Boadicea to the Battle of Britain, and the artwork accompanying them can almost make you feel as if you're there. Now though, a travel company is offering a chance to go one better, and visit the world's greatest battlefields for yourself.

Historic Battlefield Tours let you tread the ground that men fought and died for through the ages, and are ideal for the military historian or amateurs like ourselves fascinated by the atmosphere such places evoke.

Seven tours are available. Starting on April 5, there's a 15 day trip around the battlefields of the American Civil War including Gettysburg, Harper's Ferry, Petersburg and Cold Harbour for £1,514. Or starting on May 13 for 15 days, you can visit the sites of the Anglo-Zulu War such as Rorkes Drift and Isandlwana for £1,490.

Considerably cheaper at £240 is a four-day tour of Waterloo based in Brussels, starting on June 16, the anniversary of Wellington's famous victory. Less glorious was the Battle of the Somme in 1916, but you can pay your respects to those who fell there for £360 for seven days, including two nights in Paris to visit museums or cheer yourself up.

Budding cowboys will love the 15 day American Indian tour (starting in August for approx £1,500) including Little Big Horn and those cavalry forts so well known to Western lovers. Then in September, re-live the history of the British in Egypt from 1882-1956. The £900 (approx) 12 day tour includes Alexandria, Tel-El-Kabir and the Suez Canal.

Finally, for those interested in the Boer War you can see Pretoria, Mafeking, Spion Kop and all the principal sights for about £1,500 in October.

All prices include ferries or air fares, entrance fees, an expert driver/guide, couriers and most meals. The only 'real' battle you'll have is getting through Gatwick! For further details contact Ted Brown, *Historic Battlefield Tours, 67C Port Street, Stirling, FK8 2ER.*

Looney panties

As regular readers will know, this time last year we told you about *Knickerbox's* musical panties. The tuneful tangas play *Love Me Tender*, and we're happy to say that the firm is offering them again for this Valentine's Day, and giving £1 to the British Heart Foundation for every pair purchased. Just as well since hearing music issuing from under ladies skirts could well give you a coronary. They cost £3.99 from *Knickerbox* branches all over Britain.

In return, girls, how about buying your guy a pair of boxers? There's a vast range to choose from. For those who want to carry her next to their part, the *Daily Star* offer a pair decorated with pictures of former Page Three girl Linda Lusardi for £5.99. But our favourites come from *Viz* comic. Adorned with their most popular cartoon characters, you can plump for a pair depicting the anatomic excesses of Buster Gonad and his Unfeasibly Large Testicles or their pump action man, Johnny Fartpants. The latter comes with an appropropriate cloud on the rear. They cost £6.50 from *Viz* offers, *PO Box 232, Melksham, Wiltshire, SN12 7SB.*

Every school boy believes he is the first to ever inflate a condom, however a brief flick through a yellowing eighteenth century tome brought this print to light. What a blow for our heritage!

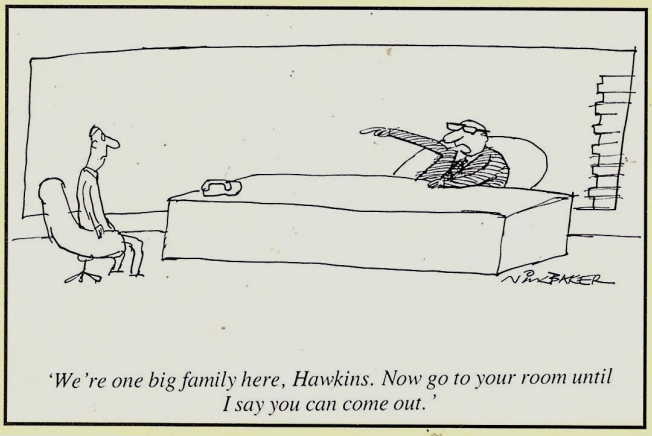
Dunhill's summer tips

If you like classic styling with quality that will last and are prepared to pay for it, then the Dunhill range of mens clothes for spring and summer is for you. Whilst their outfits may not be as fashionably outlandish as some designer labels, the quality and cut is impeccable, and you'll enjoy the bonus of knowing you won't look ridiculous wearing them in 12 months time.

The collection is entitled 'A Gentleman Abroad' and includes everything a man needs whether on holiday or merely surviving a summer at home. They specialise in what Mrs Thatcher would term 'a return to Victorian values'. For example, Dunhill believe that shirts should be generously long so that you can almost tuck them between the legs as men did in days gone by to prevent them riding up. All the shirts are Egyptian cotton which is particularly fine and strong, and cost £59.

Another tradition that Dunhill have returnd to on their jackets is the 'working cuff'. The story goes that the unbuttoning cuff dates from Napoleon who was fed-up with his soldiers wiping their noses on their tunic sleeves and ordered them to roll them up so they could wipe them on their shirts instead. Whilst Dunhill do not recommend this particular use for it, their pure cotton lightweight jacket — a striped blazer of the old school costing an Etonian £375 — continues this tradition. Perhaps more obviously the stripes match at the seams and along the lapels preventing them from appearing unnecessarily garish.

For more formal occasions, Dunhill offer a loose fitting, lined



'We're one big family here, Hawkins. Now go to your room until I say you can come out.'

linen suit (£575), double breasted with double back vents made from a flax that is cooler than cotton. And should the weather be disappointing, there is also a range of jumpers including the familiar cricket sweater in soft-spun cotton (£95) and a Fair Isle pullover at £125.

To top off the English look, how about a Panama hat? Dunhill offer two, both of which, as any hat worthy of the name should, can be folded in four and packed in a case without creasing.

Finally, for the summer dinner party, a white lightweight dinner jacket with a wing collar evening shirt and silk waistcoat — an ensemble combining the elegance of Bond with the rakishness of a bounder. The 100 per cent wool jacket is double breasted and sells for £650 with the shirt, featuring a Marsella bib and concealed buttons, £75. The cad's waistcoat in beautiful polka dotted silk is £135.

Perhaps the cost of being 'A Gentleman Abroad' is high but slip into any item from the Dunhill collection, and one is immediately taken back to a time when cost was immaterial compared to showing how things should be done. Walk out in their clothes, and you can almost hear yourself remarking as some Costello-clad youngster goes by, 'Tut! I don't like the cut of his jib...'

For further details of the range contact Alfred Dunhill Ltd *30 Duke Street, St James, London, SW1Y 6DL.*

Hot shots

No sooner had the winning shots of Yvette Mountjoy (page 27-32) arrived in the *Mayfair* office, then father Doug obligingly pulled off some more of his own. Right on cue the former Welsh miner won the Mercantile Credit Classic, his second tournament within six weeks, a feat only previously equalled by snooker's Mr Interesting, Steve Davis.

Doug's victory means he had totted up an incredible £143,000 in under two months, all the more amazing when just a short time ago, Doug was almost skint and thinking of quitting the green baize for good.

Daughter Yvette received a special on-screen 'Hello' from Doug and wife Yvonne after his 13-11 victory over fellow Welshman Wayne Jones in the finals of the Mercantile tournament held in Blackpool.

Despite Doug's lean years, Yvette never lost faith in him. Even going as far as to drape a victory banner over the family gate before the outcome of his successful finals match against Steven Hendry in the UK championship last November.

As for Yvette, her own ambitions are to get her budding modelling career off the ground and to travel — perhaps to take a long rest away from her growing cue of admirers. (More snooker puns and pictures on page 27).

What's more interesting than Steve Davis? More of a spectacle than Dennis Taylor and a winner like father Doug? It can only be 21 year old snooker cue-tie Yvette Mountjoy (see Hotshots left.)

Wine by the case

Ever wondered what the other men on the train are carrying in their briefcases, and why they clutch them so tightly? The plans for Britain's latest secret weapon or the blueprints for a high rise office block next to St Paul's Cathedral, perhaps? Not necessarily. Their white knuckles might be keeping a firm grip on two bottles of wine, a corkscrew and four glasses.

The makers call it a *Vinlise* — a specially adapted briefcase made of simulated genuine leather complete with combination locks and all the outward signs of uncompleted paperwork to be finished on the train. But open it up, and instead of files of figures you'll find everything you need for a good tipple. The specially-shaped interior holds four glasses and a corkscrew with spaces for two bottles of wine — all wrapped safely in an insulated and padded lining.

Ideal for the secret drinker, the *Vinlise* costs £59.95 for the simulated leather version or £139.95 for the real hide, and is available from *Vinlise, Fifield Manor, Benson, Oxfordshire, OX9 6HA*. Prices include postage but no wine — that you supply yourself. Just don't go leaving it on the 9.15!

Charlotte's cock-up

Following our feature, *I'm Sorry I'll Misread That Again*, on radio bloopers in Vol 23 No 11, we've been keeping an ear out ourselves. Our favourite of recent weeks was by Radio 4 newsreader, Charlotte Green. She made this unfortunate cock-up when reporting the Vatican's condemnation of the increasingly popular Durex and its mates.

'And in Rome,' she told the listeners, 'the Pope has condomed the use of male contraceptives.' Being a true professional, she managed to refrain from giggling. Until, that is, she came to the next item, share prices. She admits to more than a hint of amusement creeping into her voice as she annouced, 'In the city, the London Rubber Co is up again...' Charlotte's not *that* green, evidently.

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Travel

Ian Marlowe

I step out onto Miss Ellie's porch under the yellow and white canopy at Southfork with the real J R; Texas property tycoon, Terry Trippet, dressed for the occasion in regulation stetson and cowboy boots. The $20 tourists from downtown Dallas are being given a tour of the shrine. On the walls, pictures of the cast. Pam, Sue Ellen, Bobby, Ray Krebbs, Clayton and the man himself.

'You can hire the place for the night for $2,500. Why, some folks have been married here,' says TT, adding that if anyone wants JR, himself, as best man, or to give the bride away, that thar's a little more expensive. How much more? $50,000!

Southfork is now a multi-million dollar marketing operation. It is still run as a working ranch, but on the public side of the white paled fences the dollar paths are well charted. *Dallas* has increased the value of Southfork tenfold. How much in money terms? Mr Trippet smiles enigmatically and says that it cost $100,000 just to move his oil rig on to the property. It is part of his idea of 'getting out of the thrill ride end of the tourism business, and into the educational side of it.'

Still, there is plenty of kitsch left. An English businessman, who has brought his family over for holiday testily musters them by the kidney-shaped 'Ewing' pool. 'It's a lot of nonsense, really,' he murmurs to me, shaking his head. 'Julian, I shall be very cross if you throw Amanda in . . .'

Southfork now has a 2,000 seat facility, a dance floor, convention centre, enclosed atrium, and restaurants.

'If somebody comes up to me with a proposition I don't say no,' drawls six foot four TT. 'I ask them just how much money they have. My idea is that if someone wants tea on the moon we'll get them there . . .'

In downtown Dallas I stood as millions have before me, on the corner of Elm and Houston, diagonally facing the six storey book depository building where John Fitzgerald Kennedy was killed by an assassin's bullet at 12.30 pm on November 23, 1963. The top floor which the assassin staked out is now a museum, the corner window from where the fatal shot was fired is bricked up.

I looked up. The skyscrapers dwarfed me like avant-garde dinosaurs. Texans are friendly. Texans are big eaters. I tackle a massive steak with special sauce and loads of vegetables at the special Friday night buffet in *The Grand Kempinski Hotel* after helping myself to de-shelled lobster from the pyramid mound stacked around with ice. I am staying on the 15th executive floor in a two level suite, with free morning breakfast, limitless coffee and iced cakes all through the day. There are 32 television stations.

At Houston the downtown coachman has a sign: 'The driver accepts tips,' Houston is bigger than Dallas and at night time the black silhouettes of the tall buildings with their myriad specks of window lights are Macbeth-like and thrilling. Houston is hotter than Dallas. It is 250 miles due south, just 52 from Galveston on the Gulf of Mexico. Houston, too, has learned to diversify. Never again will oil occupy the same sacred position in the Texan pantheon. Now, the buzz is about banking, petrochemicals, and insurance.

Otis, our guide to the Lyndon B. Johnson Houston Space Center, had us hopping in and out of our fine air-conditioned Grayline Bus to the 91 degrees outside. We snap each other by the rockets, laid like elephants on their sides, and try and shoot up to get each other into the frame of vertical warheads. In the operations room we sit behind bullet proof perspex for a slide lecture, and buy ourselves a cheap lunch in the commissary.

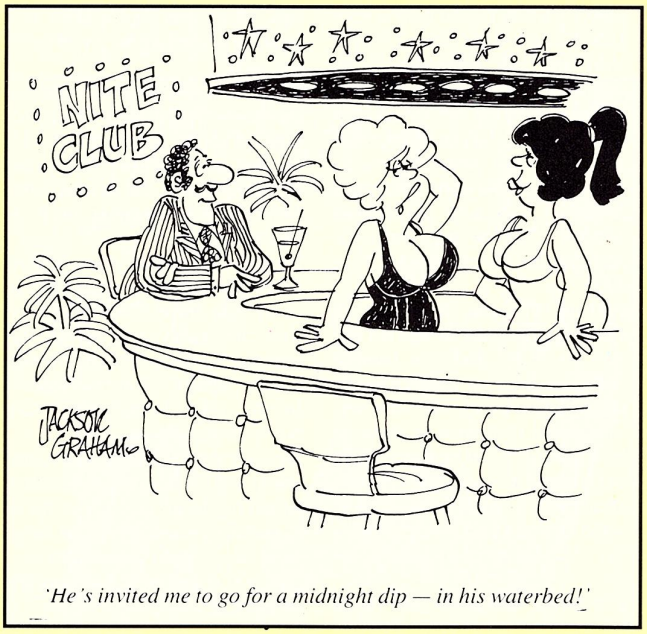
Houston is laid out, laid back, and likeable. *The Inn On The Park* is the only five-star de luxe hotel in town, and its pool is a treat after hours of walking in the heat.

There is more variety of food here but wine is more expensive — even Californian wine. The cheapest house *ordinaire* in most ordinary restaurants hovers around the $20 (£14) mark, so people drink very chilled beer instead, and the inevitable American cocktail in a blockbuster glass silted with ice and slices of orange and lemon.

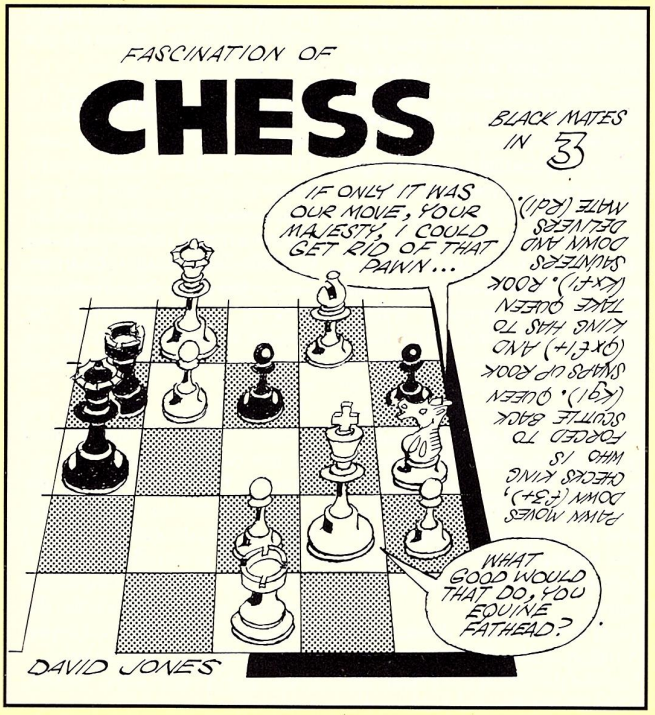
Back in Dallas my 'show-fer' collects me at the airport in a cricket pitch length Cadillac with black windows. Driving downtown once again I fold back the television cover and switch on. Dan Jenkins, a local sportswriter turned successful novelist, is being interviewed about his addiction to tobbacco. 'I smoke as much as I can for a man with only one mouth,' he answers.

That afternoon it is the Texas State Fair. The Texas Longhorns are playing the Oklahoma Sooners at the grid iron. I eat Tex Mex *Tamales* (corn tortillas in ground beef) and go on the Pirate Boats (larger English boat swings) afterwards. Police loll in armchairs on raised platforms, with their waist-side revolvers and dark glasses, rather like *Giles* cartoon characters, and that evening there is a real shoot out.

Back in the Caddy my 'show-fer' is non-commital. Three people have died. More remain in hospital. Eventually, he tells me with undisguised Texas pride, 'We had people shooting people here on the freeways long before California did . . . .'



'He's invited me to go for a midnight dip — in his waterbed!'



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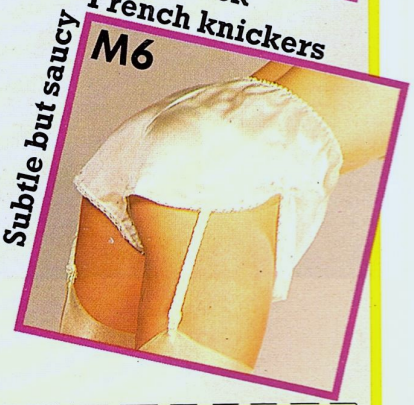

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It was his first visit to the famous Lingerie and Corsetry Exhibition, and the acres of exposed female flesh were all proving too much for a show virgin. Could he handle it all?

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

Close to the skin

Fiction by Sam White

'You want to get into ladies underwear.'
'Alec, don't tell us, you're off to Harrogate.'
Alec beamed and we yawned
'Paradise men, sheer lycra and lace paradise.'
'Put a sock in it Alec.'
'I could wangle you a ticket.'
'Sure Alec — it's your round, make mine a double, huh?'
Friday night down at the local. Alec, me, Graeme and Colin chewing the rag and easing into the weekend. Alec was on his underwear rap spinning the yarn about his impending trip to the Lingerie and Corsetry Exhibition. He was a good bloke but he made the show into an unnecessary long player.
We suffered his tales of the exhibition where he claimed hundreds of women paraded along carpeted walkways clad in only scent and skimpies while he, along with other men in suits, worked out the dernier of the nylon on pocket

computers. It smacked of some bizarre torture. Surely the attractions of a girl in the almost buff only counted if she was alone and you were the other consenting adult. Looking but being forbidden to touch was Room 101. Alec revelled in it. He was the only man we knew who could make a bra sound boring — sonic welded seams, uplift, precise weights and tension, it was more like a physics theorem.

'You can't make a mistake with the seam design, oh no.'

'Sore nipples, right Alec.'

He nodded sagely and took a pull on his beer.

'OK, then Alec, that girl over there in the shrunk jumper. My fiver says you can't tell me what she's got on under that cashmère?'

I winked at Graeme and Colin as Alec studied the girl, Annette, an ex from wayback who I knew wouldn't mind us asking. She was leaning at the bar yacking with her sister and the outline of her bra showed slightly ribbed under the tight wool.

'The lady, old son, is wearing a size 32C Warner, Contrast French lace half-cup with front-catch.'

'Annette!'

I called out to her and she mosied over with a grin of greeting.

'Hi, how're you going?'

'We've got a little bet on. My friend here claims to be an expert on garments close to the skin.'

'I sense something personal,' she said.

'We're all dying to know what sort of bra are you wearing.'

'Honestly! You guys!'

'There's money on it Annette.'

'A Warner 32C.'

'Half-cup, French lace trim with a front catch?' said Alec.

Annette smiled bemused and nodded.

'And my knickers are from M&S. They're pink with little flowers.'

'I'm not so well up on knickers,' said Alec dead serious.

He made us laugh did Alec. Always dapper, perfectly groomed, married to a sweet Dublin girl called Sue. He'd spent all his life as a buyer in the clothing trade, working through the layers from coats right down to the skin.

'Don't you ever get tempted, a little apres-exhibition assignation?' I asked as I tucked the fiver into his pocket and Annette drifted away.

'It's business Fergus. I'm only interested in the price of a gross,' he said with a twinkle in his eye.

A week or so later it was a rainy night in Leeds with me having splashed up the motorway and gone through a hard afternoon's bargaining with a sour breathed toughie called Delaney who claimed he could use our desk top publishing kit in his company with only one small reservation — the price had to be right.

We didn't see eye to eye. He was hanging on the edge and asked for time to think. I decided I could give him twenty four hours, baulked at driving all that way home and then back, and chose to rest up in the Merrion Hotel.

'Fuck him,' I thought and sat nursing a Jack Daniels in the bar wondering if there wasn't an easier way to earn a living.

'Fergus?'

I glanced up.

'Hey Alec! Small world and a poxy bit of this sceptred isle at that.'

'Leeds? Gateway to paradise, old son — best knicker knitters this side of Nottingham.'

'Yeah, yeah.'

'Why so moody?'

I gave him the gist of my waiting day and he commiserated.

'Just over the hill lies Harrogate. Do you have time tomorrow? Come along with me, I'll show you something to put the lead in your pencil.'

'I don't know,' I said.

I went, I suppose, out of idle curiosity. The way Alec described the event, it sounded aseptic — like watching a video — but thirty seconds after we arrived inside the tents, laid out in the grounds of the Majestic Hotel, I wished I'd worn lead underpants.

It was hot, Jesus it was hot! Then three yards inside there was this tall statuesque girl with a riot of tawny hair, stood smiling and naked but for black bra and panties while some sport's blazered guy casually placed his hands on her shoulder and murmured.

'Isn't that a little pinching in the back I see?'

I practically fainted. The place was awash with flesh and every conceivable shape of woman in nothing but their underwear. And what did we do? We went and fondled it! Alec led the way. In some sort of hazy daze I was introduced along a line of stands as Alec's new colleague. I just nodded dumbly and winched up an idiot smile, watching as Alec would snake out a cool hand and pat a laced flank here, pull a piece of taut elastic there and once to a girl with endless legs he smiled 'excuse me' and rummaged around in the front of her amply filled bra.

'Snug as a bug in a rug,' said the girl.

'You must check the seams Fergus,' said Alec.

'Of course,' I croaked.

Mother, I was delirious. It didn't seem right — us padding around with Alec prodding the bodies wearing the merchandise, sticking his business card into a cleavage and joking like crazy with the stand managers as they asked their models to stretch and bend.

'You're a virgin, aren't you?' whispered a curly haired made-up blonde on the *Femme Fatale* stand as she stood in front of me in high heels and a twin set of apologetic silk underwear which left nothing to the imagination. Alec was swapping chit-chat with another girl in an embroidered Teddy hooked to burgundy stockings and I forced myself to concentrate on this pair of liquid almond eyes.

'I'm sorry?'

'First time at the show and definitely not in the business. You're only here for the leer.'

I floundered in front of her as she hooked a finger in her panty elastic to adjust it over her bum.

'First time at the show, yes but not new in the business and definitely not a virgin.' I said defensively. The girl was taking me apart with her painted eyes.

'We can always suss the ones not looking at the clothes. I could get you thrown out.'

'My MD might not approve.'

I tugged at Alec's arm.

'Alec, this young lady's accusing me of being a ringer.'

Alec smoothed it over saying I'd been with the firm for years and was well versed in the underwear member's etiquette but all in all I'd had enough, especially when I turned away from the stand and collided with a trio of girls who were parading down the aisle with their tits jiggling in barely controlling lace.

'Alec,' I said and loosened my tie, 'I've got to go and see a man about a desk top publisher.'

'You're in such a boring business, Fergus.'

'At least I don't have to walk around with my hands in my pockets all day.'

It was a relief to get back to Leeds and the grapple with Delaney. He took me the long way round and we lubricated the negotiations with a bottle of Laphroaig. I guess he thought he might be able to outmanoeuvre me if I was legless but I stuck to my guns and was on the brink of signing the deal when he pulled the pin.

'Sorry Mr Tandy, I'll have to say no.'

Would you Adam and Eve it! I trudged out into the street. No sale, a headache, too drunk to drive, miles from home, a morning filled with untouchables and an afternoon filled with unmentionables. It was a fucking disaster!

I abandoned my car and stomped back to the hotel. Getting unconscious seemed the only way to survive the enforced hiatus and I was back with a Jack Daniels at the bar when I was nudged on the arm by a woman in charcoal grey.

'How many did you order?'

'Just the one,' I said in confusion, thinking she could only mean my drink.

'You don't recognise me, do you?'

I checked her face. Short cropped auburn hair, no make up, pretty mouth, almond eyes and a snub little nose.

'Somebody from a previous life?'

She gave a tinkle of laughter and climbed onto the

turn to page 26

'You know, Marie, it's like TV; too many repeats of things you've seen before!'

Make a date

Next month's too late!

Twelve of *Mayfair's* most popular models are waiting to make a date with you — in fact 365 dates. *Mayfair's* spectacular new all-colour calendar for 1989 offers you a different girl each month — like delicious Davina Hill (Vol 21 No 11), *right*. For just £2.50 (including postage and packaging) this unbeatable 13½ x 8½ in calendar can be yours.

Or, if you'd prefer to keep the same girls close to your heart, send for the 1989 *Mayfair* diary. For just £2.10 (p + p included) this pocket-sized 52-page volume gives you a full-colour girl picture each month, easy-to-see one page a month entry, forward planner, telephone and address section and a mass of indispensable information, including a vintage wine chart.

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Close to the skin

continued from page 24

barstool next to mine and crossed her legs.

'*Femme Fatale.*'

'I don't think I could cope.'

'Christ, you're hard work. The exhibition — this morning — remember?'

I hit my forehead with the palm of my hand.

'Hey, I'm sorry. It's the lost blonde hair and the mufti —' I gestured at her loose fitting one piece woollen dress buttoned to the neck and caught round her waist with a simple leather belt. 'And the place — Leeds. Shouldn't you be in Harrogate?'

'I take my wig off and like to stay away from the show. The drive back clears the head. It's hard graft standing on stilletoes, holding your stomach in and tits up all day for you guys.'

'We're all very appreciative.'

'I ought to apologise for accusing you of being a fake. I got warned by the manager but it's not often we're wrong.'

'No harm done,' I said generously. 'Anyway let me buy you a drink.'

Her name was Casey and pleasant company she was too. It was odd. For the life of me I couldn't trawl up the memory of her in lingerie. All the morning's bodies had become confused and I listened as she chirruped away about her career in the exhibtion trade. She draped herself over cars at the Motor Show, chatted bytes and bits at Which Computer?, lounged around in a bikini at Travel '89 and showed off her DIY skills at the Ideal Home.

It was she who suggested eating and, following her into the restaurant, I thought I was going to have to come clean about my profession. Casey, however, wouldn't provide the opportunity.

'So what's it like working in women's underwear?' she asked.

'Usually I wear boxers.'

She snorted into her avocado.

'That sounds like one of your MD's lines. Alec's a sweet guy.'

'He taught me all I know, I can tell any make of bra at twenty paces.'

'Even mine?'

I assumed the twinkle in her eye was the reflected candle light. I studied her dress and the lift of her breasts gently shadowing the weave.

'Its not one of the firms.'

'No,'

'A Warner Contrast 32C half-cup?'

She giggled and twisted slightly in her seat. One button, two she undid and quickly glanced about to make certain only I was peeping.

'Ta raa!'

'Whoops,' I said as she flashed a naked and braless breast.

'I knew you were faking,' she said and quickly buttoned her body away. 'Who ever heard of somebody in the business who couldn't tell if a girl was wearing a bra or not!'

I came clean. It was the best confession I'd ever made because at the end of it Casey smiled and leaned across the table. 'That makes everything all right then.' she said.

'It does?'

'We're not allowed to play on home territory.'

'And I'm a long way from home.'

By the end of the meal about the only thing we hadn't decided was whether it was going to be her room or mine. Casey had a neat solution. 'I bet you can't guess what my lucky number is,' she murmured.

'Forty two?'

'Uh huh,' she said, dipped in her dress pocket to draw out her room key.

'One five eight?'

'You've got it in one.'

She sidled against me in the lift, nuzzling her lips into my neck. I was showing amazing control but then my libido had taken a hell of a bashing — the booze, Delaney, Alec and his million undressed women. I was right out on the edge of the envelope as Casey whispered in my ear. 'I bet you'd enjoy getting into ladies underwear.'

'That's what Alec keeps saying.'

I slid my arm across the soft material of her dress and kissed her neck.

'Mmmm.'

Once in her room Casey lay on her bed with her hands behind her head and her ankles extended. She had that naughty look of a temptress woman on her face and watched sultry eyed as I took off my jacket and tie.

I sat beside her and put an arm each side of her head and lowered my mouth to hers. Her tongue came sliding and licking against mine, the hint of brandy on breath and then her fingers reaching to wreathe through my hair as mine reached for the buttons of her dress.

'I suppose you're as bad at guessing a girl's make of knickers.'

'M&S?' I said and continued unbutonning down, laying aside the material and pausing to caress her skin.

'Wrong again!'

She wore nothing under her dress.

'Don't you ever wear anything?'

'Not out of working hours,' she growled and pulled my hands between her legs into the tangle of pubic hair.

It suddenly flashed in my mind. Casey standing in the exhibition in her high heels, the heat, those almond accusing eyes and the lustrous silk of her lingerie holding the delight which was now laid out beside me. Lovely firm breasts, trim stomach and a scattering of downy fair hair leading into the curly triangle of her sex. The morning was a fantasy and this, the way she slipped out of the sleeves of her dress, glanced at me smokey eyed and began tearing at my shirt and clothes, was reality.

We took off. My fingers inside her fetid, moist tunnel triggering off the animal and making her splay apart her thighs. She lay there, offered, and the ache in my head had surged into my loins. I knelt naked between her legs with the old fella jutting out and rigid.

'The end of a perfect day,' she sighed and pulled me by the obvious handle until I lay on top of her. One slight adjustment and it was easy access sliding in and holding steady, rocking a little, licking the scent of her neck and then plunging my mouth onto hers as she began pumping up against me with her pelvis.

It was a long slow climb, Casey groaning and mashing about, muttering 'Oh my God, MY GOD!' and shuddering, catching my shoulders and scissoring her thighs around my hips.

I just kept plunging up and down. It was like I was one step removed aware only of the intense waves of pleasure which were beating up from my cock. Casey and I were moulded and molten. It was going on and on, Casey's mouth panting and me banging her into the springs of the bed until the army of demon seed squirmed in my balls wriggled free and bolted in one chundering avalanche charge deep inside her.

A gutteral rasp sounded from her throat before the slow grin of fulfilment spread across her flushed face.

'Now that's what fucking's all about,' she murmured and hugged me tight.

But I was wasted. I'd done my dash and, thankfully, she had too and we crawled beneath the covers where moments later I was down deep in slumberland.

I awoke disorientated bumped into Casey's warm body and immediately fell back asleep. The next time I opened my eyes she'd gone and I noticed with regret it was already ten. No doubt she'd be over in Harrogate parading her company's wares. Such a shame.

'Hi — sleepy.'

She'd bobbed out of the bathroom and stood naked at the end of the bed.

'Shouldn't you be in Harrogate?'

'I phoned in sick, a sore throat.'

She began dragging down the covers.

'Oh dear.'

'The manager asked if I'd got anything for it.'

My cock was beginning to thicken and engorge.

'I told him I'd find something to suck.'

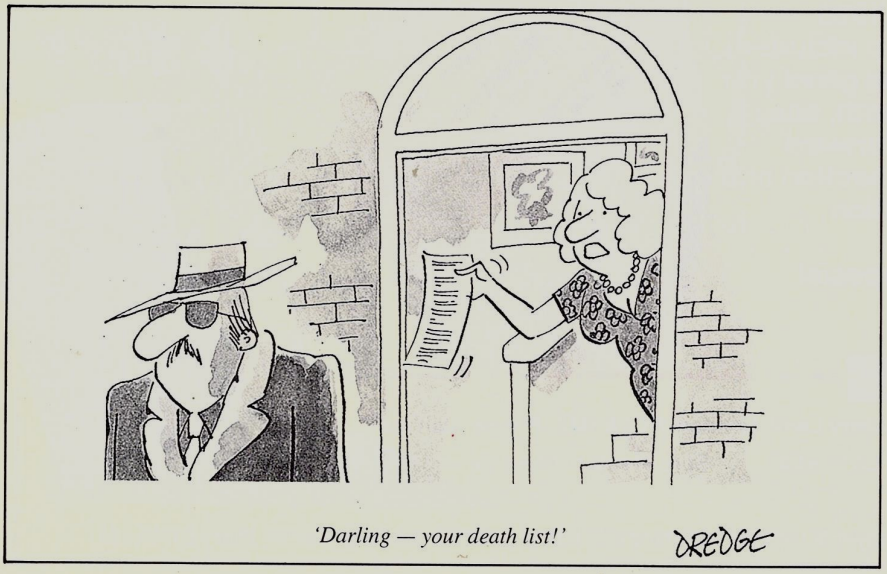
She was eyeing my rod with relish.

'Got any ideas?'

'There's one that springs to mind.'

She clambered onto the bed and cradled my balls in her hand before crouching to flick her warm, wet tongue at the crown. Then she settled onto her haunches, gripped the base with her fingers and gobbled down a length into her mouth.

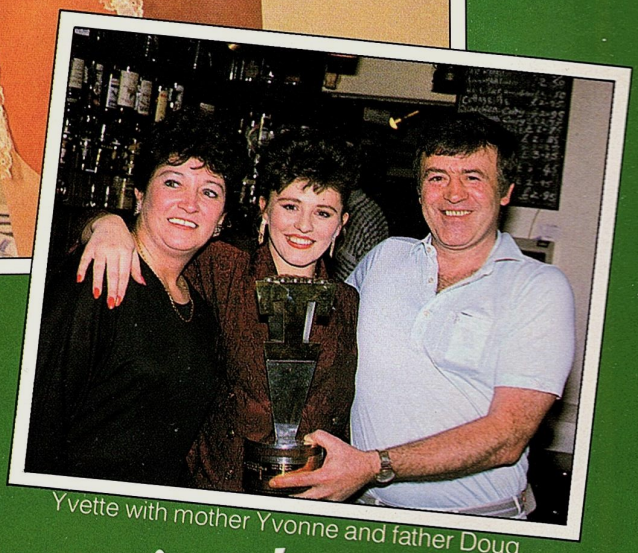
'Thank you Alec,' I sighed.



'Darling — your death list!'

Yvette

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BILL BROWN



Yvette with mother Yvonne and father Doug.

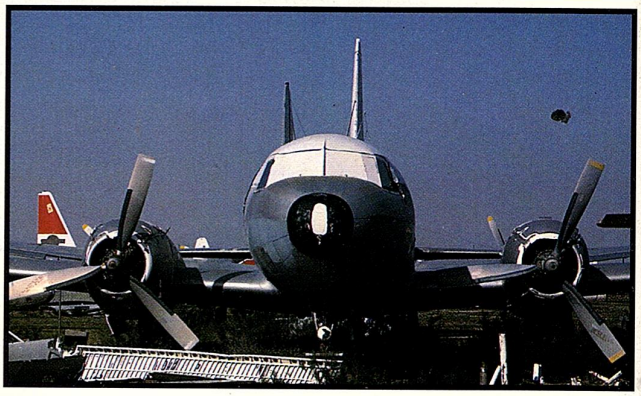
Doug Mountjoy's daring daughter

Championship form is clearly not limited to father Doug in the Mountjoy home as the 36-22-35 winning frame of daughter Yvette clearly demonstrates. Doug, who took the UK championship last November to chalk up his first major tournament win for ten years, and then won the Mercantile Credit Classic, has been very supportive of his daughter's modelling aspirations. 'But appearing in *Mayfair* is my luckiest break yet,' says the 21-year-old.

CUSENIER
FREEZOMINT

The incredible total of £143,000 tournament prize money has made a big difference to the Mountjoy household in Pontypool, moving 46-year-old Doug, in the best snooker tradition, straight from the red to the black.

Despite her family links, Yvette is no snooker player, being content with the occasional game on the cushions. Unfortunately for snooker watchers everywhere, 'Cue-pid' has already smiled on the Welsh lass. She is going out with a former mobile DJ. 'We don't get out much,' she says, 'but we like to explore the valleys.'



Main picture: the Convair VT-29 B, after engine removal. Above left: A Sikorsky SH-34J Seahorse, a very old inmate — retired by a Navy Helicopter Training squadron in 1969. Above right: A comparatively intact Convair T-29, a possible candidate for renovation and sale. Immediately above: One of the last three of over 600 C-97s to pass through the centre since its founding in 1945, retired by the 191st Air Refuelling Squadron of the Utah Air National Guard in August 1976.

Like a scene from Speilberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, 2,500 ageing planes wait silently in the desert outside Tucson, Arizona. Philip Chinnery visited this vast aerial boneyard and found out just what awaited these venerable veterans

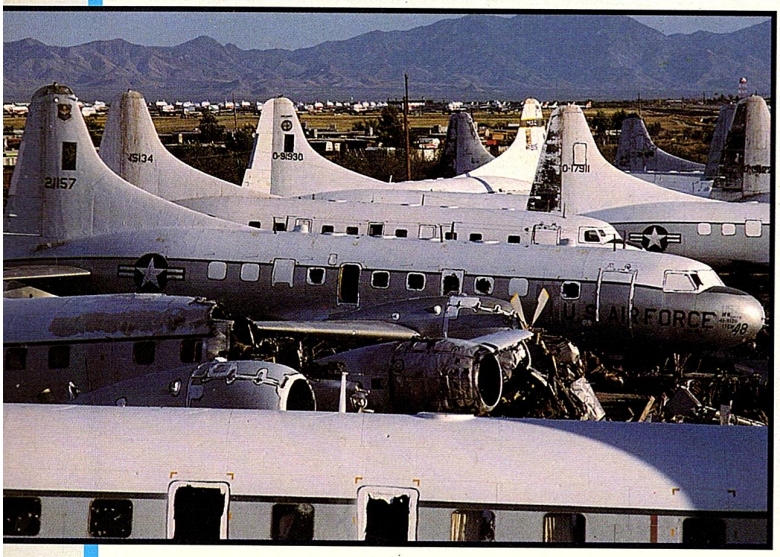
THE LAST TOUCHDOWN

As any resident of Tucson, Arizona will confirm, you can see all sorts of things in the desert. One of the more interesting sights in the Sonora desert, just outside Tucson, is visible from the port windows of airliners approaching Tucson International Airport. Rows and rows of aircraft tails file into the distance as the Desert Boneyard, or more accurately, the Aerospace Maintenance and Regeneration Centre comes into view.

AMARC is not a mirage, as anyone driving down the golf links road past the perimeter fence will appreciate. The centre is vast and has been there for more than 40 years. Its origins can be traced back to the final days of the Second World War.

In the autumn of 1945, and shortly thereafter, fleets of war-weary American aircraft began to return home. Soon airfields throughout the south-western United States echoed with the sound of bombers and fighters touching down on home soil after years of war. They were parked in rows and left to await their fate.

Most of the fighters and bombers were fast becoming obsolete, and there were simply too many non-combat types for the peacetime needs of the United States. Within a matter of months the US government had decided to dispose of all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35,000 aircraft, a decision which, no doubt, caused the aircraft manufacturers to breath a heavy sign of relief. The 35,000 non-combat aircraft, such as trainers and transports, could be sold on the open market to the public, but for the similar number of combat aircraft there could only be one fate.

Within months smelters were operating at places such as Kingman Army Air Field in Arizona, where over 5,000 aircraft were drained of fuel and scrapped. However, despite the almost indecent haste in which thousands of Liberators, Flying Fortresses, Havocs and the like were being fed into the smelters, an iron curtain was descending across Europe, and it was decided that at least some aircraft should be kept, and stored as insurance against a future outbreak of hostilities.

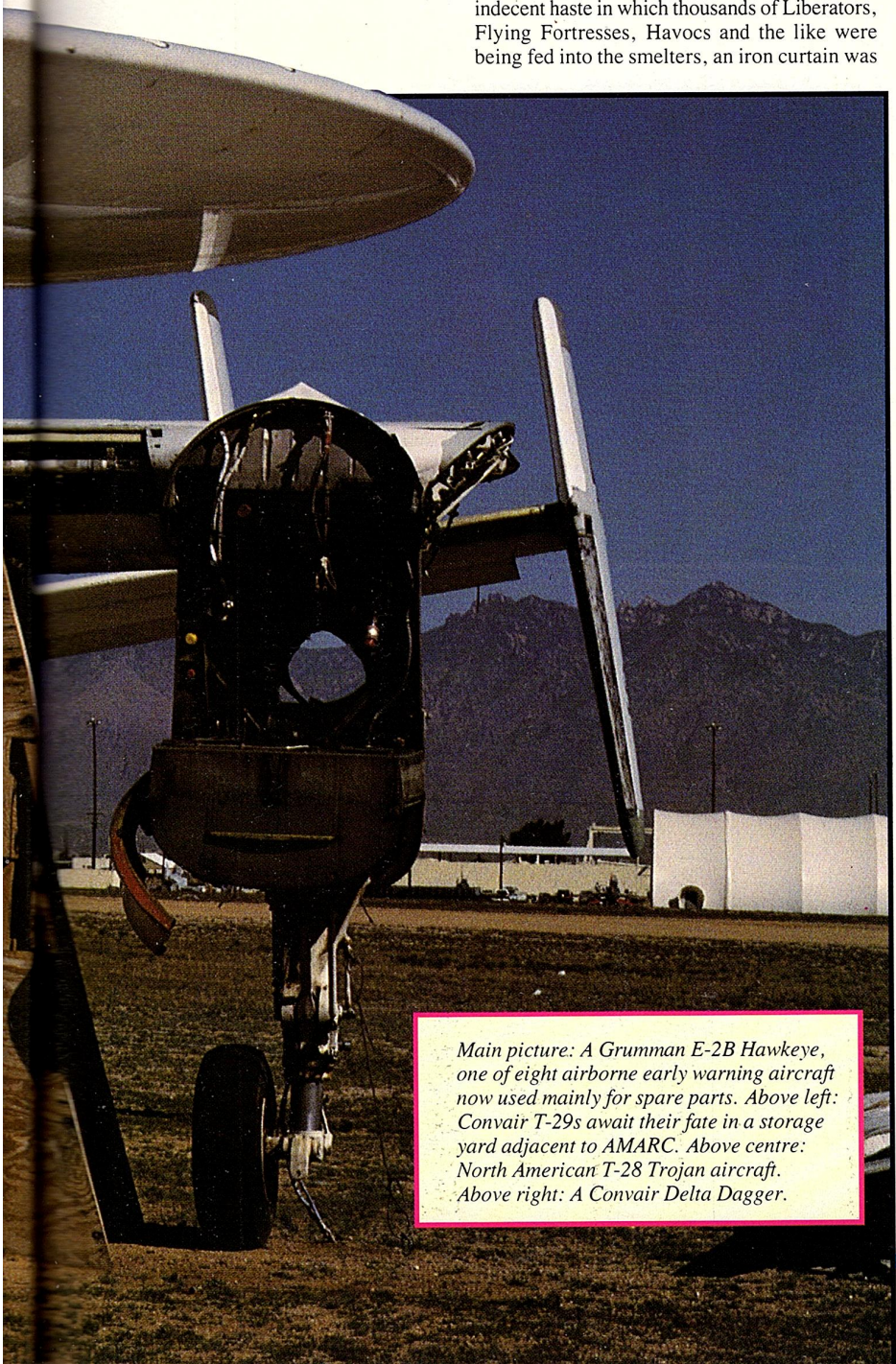
The decision to be made now was where to store this reserve of aircraft. Several possible sites were visited, and Davis-Monthan Field, to the south east of Tucson, Arizona was chosen as a permanent storage area. The field was formerly the city's municipal airport, named after two Air Service officers from Tucson, who were killed in separate aviation accidents in the early 1920s. The main reasons for the choice were the low annual rainfall (11 inches per year), low humidity (10-20 per cent) and the fact that the soil in that part of the Sonora Desert, known as 'Caliche', has a low acidic content, which is ideal for long term storage, and is baked so hard that aircraft can be parked on it without needing tarmac or concrete stands.

The 4105th Army Air Force Base Unit was established at Davis-Monthan in November, 1945, the first surplus B-29 and C-47 aircraft soon began to arrive for storage. The task of 4105th in the early days was simply the processing and preservation from corrosion of all aircraft received and by July 31, 1946 650 B-29s, 250 C-47s and 18 museum aircraft were in storage.

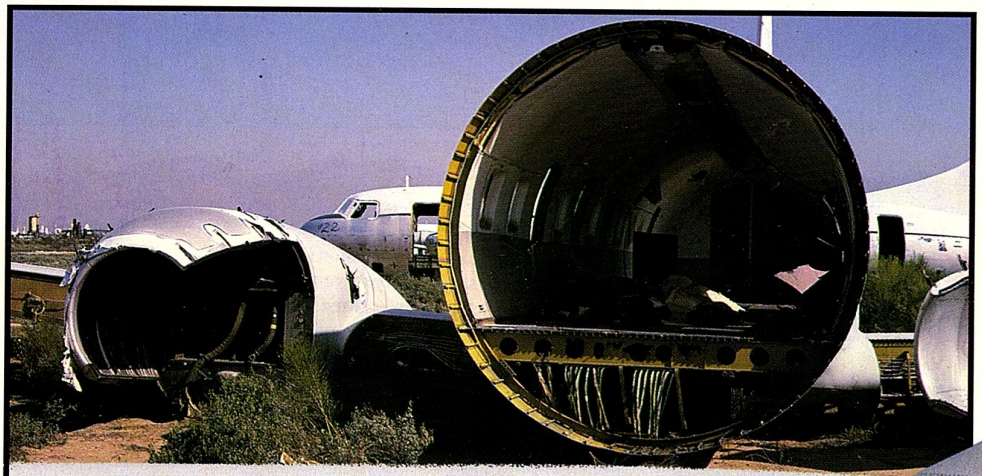
In 1947 a civilian packaging company took over the task to 'cocoon', 486 of the 679 B-29s then in storage, under guidelines provided by the Eighth Air Force. The process involved the application by spraying of four layers of plastic, to form a tough rawhide-like covering, which should last up to ten years. Bags of dessicant (silica gel) were placed inside the fuselage and engine nacelles to absorb any excess moisture, which might have been trapped.

The 4105th was renamed the 3040th Aircraft Storage Depot in August 1948, and reclamation and salvage was added to its mission. Forty seven B-29s and 14 of the museum aircraft were earmarked for reclamation, and, by the end of 1948, the inventory had dropped to 535 B-29s and 187 C-47s. This reduction was mainly due to the expansion of Strategic Air Command, and the Berlin Airlift, which had depleted the Air Forces transportation assets.

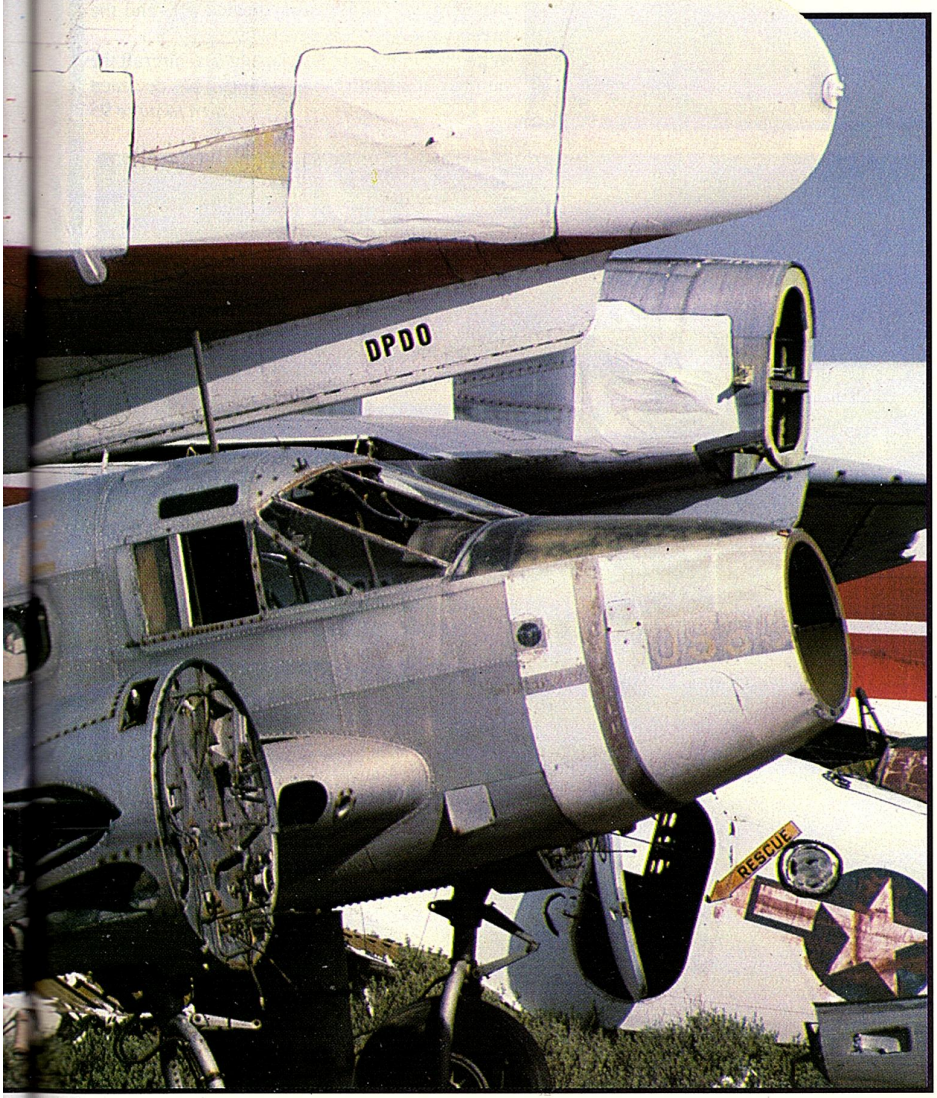
Nineteen fifty saw almost two-thirds of the B-29s return to service. The Royal Air Force received the first 87 in March, and, within two weeks of the outbreak of the Korean War in June, 50 more were removed from storage. But with the introduction of the B-47 bomber in 1951, and the end of the Korean War in 1953, SAC began to retire its B-29 fleet. By the end of 1953 the number of B-29s in storage had doubled to 340, and other



Main picture: A Grumman E-2B Hawkeye, one of eight airborne early warning aircraft now used mainly for spare parts. Above left: Convair T-29s await their fate in a storage yard adjacent to AMARC. Above centre: North American T-28 Trojan aircraft. Above right: A Convair Delta Dagger.



Main picture: The old and the new — Expeditors and 707s side by side. Top left: A former Coast Guard Grumman HU 16E and a second one centre. Top right: The Convair C-131 D Samaritan. Left: A wrecked Convair T29, once used as a flying class room. Right: A Convair C131A, retired after 20 years, and sent to AMARC for storage in 1975.



types had begun to arrive, including 29 Grumman SA-16 amphibians, 120 North American T-6 trainers and 21 Boeing QB-17 Flying Fortress drones. As a result the storage area was increased by half to 1,290 acres and the numbers of aircraft in storage began to grow rapidly throughout the 1950s. By the end of 1956 there were almost 1,300 aircraft, including 350 B-29s and over 600 T-6s. The B-29 salvage programme was in full swing, and 120 had already gone into the smelters for melting down into ingots. Other types had begun to arrive, including B-26s, B-50s, F-80s, F-84s, F-86s and the first 50 of the giant B-36 Peacemakers.

By the end of the 1950s the number of aircraft in storage had more than trebled to over 4,300. Only a handful of B-29s and B-36s now remained. In their place were parked hundreds of B-25s, C-45s, F-86s, T-28s, and at least two dozen other types of aircraft.

The emphasis was now on disposal rather than presentation. An Air Force Disposal Division was organised to handle the redistribution and marketing of surplus aircraft.

It was then decided to consolidate all existing aircraft storage facilities under a single inter-service operation. Thus on February 1, 1965 the facility was renamed the Military Aircraft Storage and Disposition Centre (MASDC).

The US Army began to store its obsolete H-21 helicopters at MASDC in August 1965, with the Coast Guard following suit in 1967. The Navy moved 900 of its aircraft to Davis-Monthan Air Force Base in July 1967. The size of the storage area at MASDC had increased to 2,800 acres and, by the end of 1967, 4,000 aircraft of 46 different types were in storage.

Despite the intense reorganisation taking place MASDC's commander Colonel I R Perkin, was farsighted enough to become the driving force behind a plan to establish a local aviation museum in Tucson. With MASDC on its doorstep, the museum would never be short of exhibits, and, over the years, the Pima Air Museum has grown into one of the largest in the United States with 100,000 visitors each year.

By this time the United States was heavily involved in the Vietnam War, and the centre's workload increased dramatically. The need for counter-insurgency aircraft led to the withdrawal of large numbers of A-1 Skyraiders, B-26 Invaders, C-47 Skytrains and T-28 Trojans.

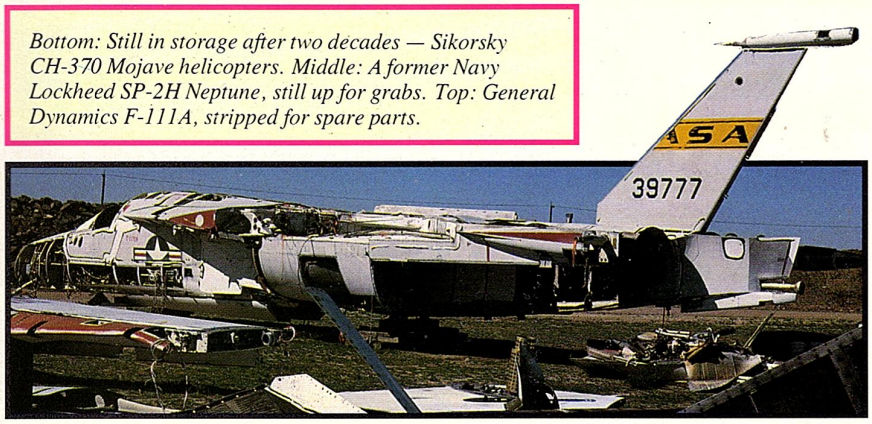
Combat losses amongst the Navy aircraft carrier squadrons had to be made good by withdrawing mothballed A-4 Skyhawks and F-8 Crusaders, and 160 were flown out in the first few months of 1967.

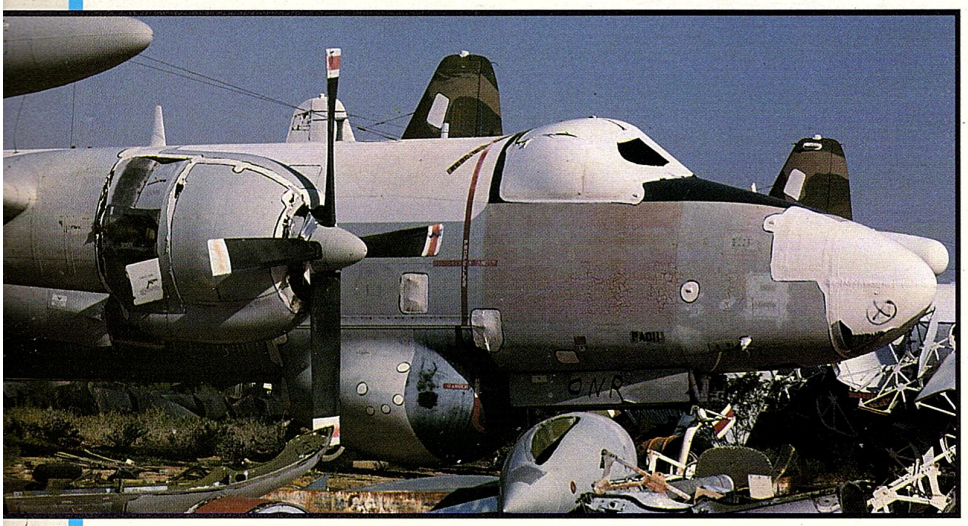
But by 1970 the B-58 Hustler bomber fleet had been received for storage, and eventual disposal, and the first early-model B-52s had arrived. The rundown of units in South East Asia caused the MASDC inventory to reach an all-time high of 6,080 aircraft and 21 missiles in summer 1973.

The number of aircraft in storage has been steadily declining since the post-Vietnam days of the seventies, and, as the priorities of the armed forces have changed, so the centre has had to move with the times. In 1985, in a determined attempt to change its 'aircraft boneyard' image, MASDC was renamed. The Aerospace Maintenance and Regeneration Centre (AMARC).

The processing of aircraft into storage has changed since the early days of the B-29s, but it is no less complex a procedure. On arrival, all explosives, such as ejection seat charges, are removed, together with any pilferable or particularly valuable items. The aircraft is then

Bottom: Still in storage after two decades — Sikorsky CH-370 Mojave helicopters. Middle: A former Navy Lockheed SP-2H Neptune, still up for grabs. Top: General Dynamics F-111A, stripped for spare parts.





washed to remove industrial or marine residues, and inspected for corrosion. Navy aircraft, especially those on aircraft carriers, have usually been exposed to corrosive salt air and require anti-corrosion treatment.

The aircraft is then towed to the Preservation Farm where mechanics drain the engines and hydraulic lines of oil. They also drain the fuel from the aircraft, and then pump in a light weight oil, which is again drained, leaving a protective oil film in the lines and tanks to protect them from drying out or corroding.

Engine intakes and exhausts are then covered with paper, and any seams, inspection hatches, openings and rubber seals in the upper half of the aircraft are taped. The paper, tape and any fragile surfaces, such as canopies and radomes, are then sprayed with a heavy plastic-like material called Spraylat. A black coat is applied first, followed by a white coat to reflect sunlight. The underside of the aircraft, the wheel wells, drainage holes, and other openings, are not treated, and are left open to allow circulation of air and minimise condensation.

Although Spraylat does a good job protecting the aircraft from sand, dust and the elements, its main purpose is to maintain the internal temperature of the aircraft at roughly five degrees above that of the surrounding desert air. Without such protection the temperature inside the aircraft could reach 200 degrees F, causing damage to rubber parts and functional components. When the aircraft is required to fly again, the Spraylat can be easily peeled off, and the preservation process reversed.

With the high cost of purchasing new aircraft the number of aircraft being scrapped has declined

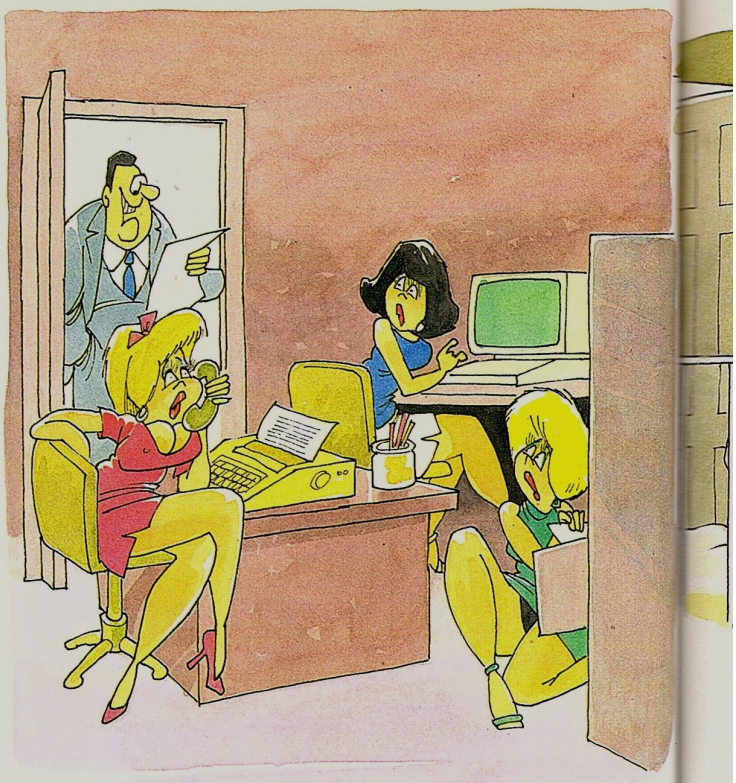
turn to page 95

'They said at the agency you were looking for someone with experience.'

Office ups and downs

Life in the office does have its moments, especially when the boss is more than just good friends with his secretary, as cartoonist Anthony illustrates

'It's not my fault I'm late, Mr Tinsdale, you should have woken me up before you left this morning.'



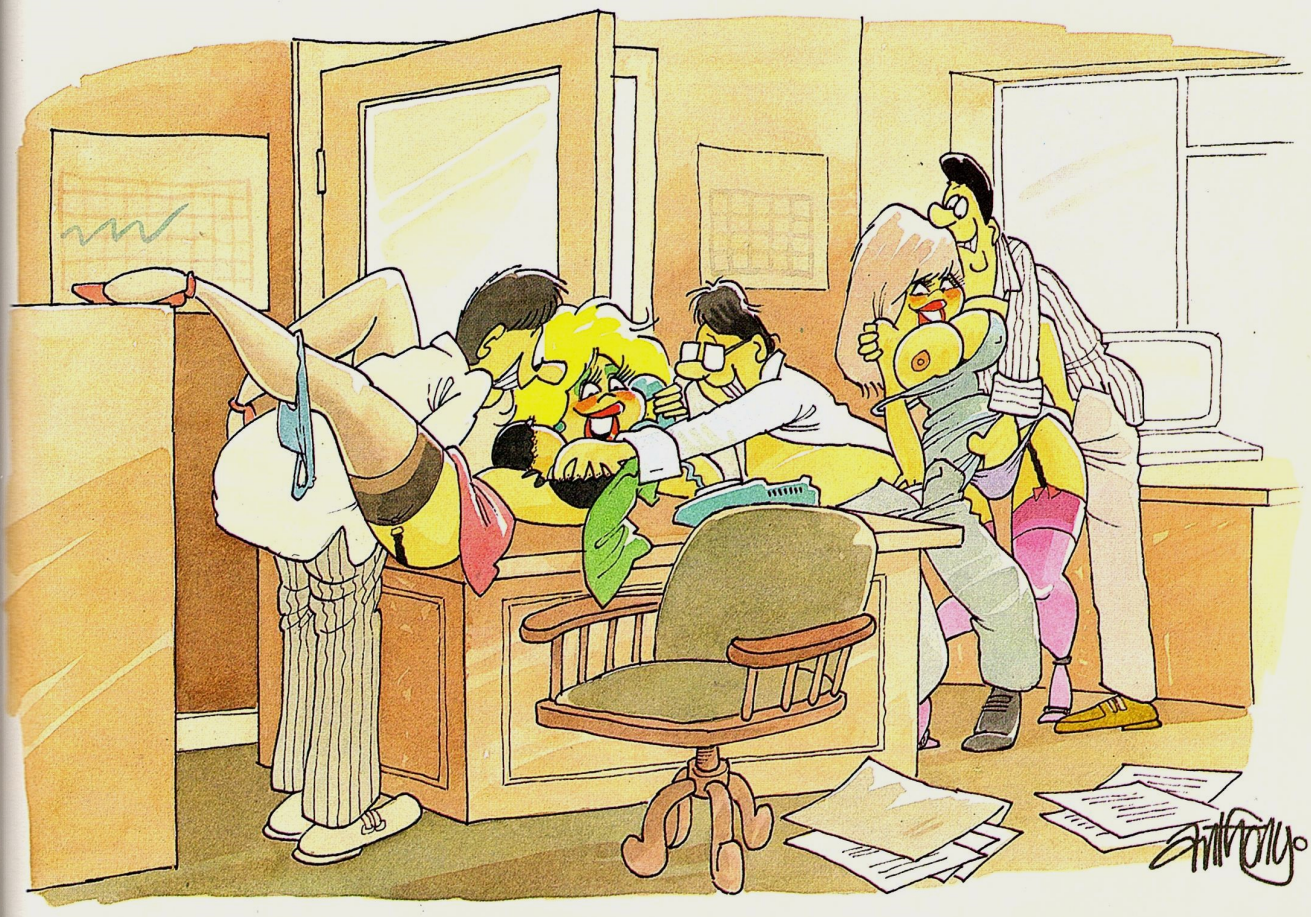
'Good news for one of you . . . I have to attend another conference at Brighton this weekend.'

'Won't they be suspicious if we both phone in sick today, Mr Henderson?'

'I. . . er, just thought I'd let you know that I won't be working late tonight after all, darling.'

'I wouldn't normally bother you at home, Mr Clarke, but these letters do need to be in the post tonight.'

'This one's for you, Mr Taylor . . . it's the result of my pregnancy test.'



'Mr Armstrong is out of the office today, and he's not expected back until tomorrow,'

Claudine

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

For Claudine Giresse, the famous saying, 'wherever I lay my hat is my home,' ideally sums up her life-style. A native of Bordeaux, 23-year-old Claudine regularly flits between her home town and London on modelling work.

Whilst in London, 38-24-36 inch Claudine worked at the Pinstripe Club in Beak Street as a hostess. Dressed in a frilly French maid's uniform, (which we just had to recreate for you), Claudine used to serve champagne by the bucketful to rich businessmen. 'They were oh, la, la, how should I say, extremely well dressed, and very elegant,' says Claudine in a seductive French accent. During the day, she took in the sights. 'So far, I've been to St. Paul's Cathedral, Trafalgar Square, and the House of Commons.' There she watched the wheels of Government in action. 'I admire Mrs Thatcher very much. She's an example to all women.'

Jet-setting Claudine is now back in France, enjoying a holiday with her family. 'Although I seem to be spending most of my time in London, I like to get home as often as I can.' What Claudine loves most about getting back to Bordeaux is the warmer weather and fresh air. 'The climate in my part of France at this time of year, is slightly more tolerable than that of London. As for the fresh air, there's no comparison.'

As a new President takes office, Alan Fisk recalls that 175 years ago the British ransacked Washington setting fire to it with salvoes of rockets, and inadvertently giving the Presidential residence its famous name

The night we burned the White House

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL CODD

At 11 o'clock on the sweltering evening of August 24, 1814, a party of uninvited guests appeared at the door of President Madison's official residence in Washington. It was the building we know today as the White House. Rear-Admiral George Cockburn and Major-General Robert Ross had not completely forgotten their manners. They had sent ahead to ask if Mrs Madison was at home, but the great house was completely deserted. Even the faithful doorkeeper French John had abandoned it, his last official act being to rescue Mrs Madison's pet macaw, and carry it away to a safe home, through the muddy streets of the young capital city.

A few hours earlier, those streets had been jammed with retreating American soldiers, who warned the citizens that the British Army would be in the city at any moment.

Two years before, on June 18, 1812, the fledgling United States had declared war on Britain. It was the reaction to a Royal Navy blockade which had kept American goods from reaching a Europe dominated by an all-conquering Napoleon. The war had so far not gone well for the British. There had been defeats on land and much more humiliating losses at sea. But by 1813 the Royal Navy had at last established supremacy in the North Atlantic.

Britain's most seasoned troops had been tied down fighting in Europe, but with the defeat of Napoleon in 1814 the tough veterans of Wellington's armies who had fought in the Peninsular War suddenly became available.

On June 2, 1814, a convoy left Bordeaux with 14 warships and three transports carrying 2,814 officers and men of His Majesty's 4th, 44th and 85th Regiments of Foot, bound for Bermuda, where Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, the commander of the North American station, was based.

When Admiral Cochrane heard that these reinforcements were on their way to him, he immediately began to dream up imaginative schemes for their use. He thought about an attack on New York, or a landing further north in New Hampshire, with the aim of cutting across New England and joining up with the main body of the British Army in Canada. He also considered an attack on the Chesapeake coast of Maryland, and asked for comments from his subordinate,

Admiral Cockburn, who had been jauntily conducting raids along that stretch of the coast for a year. Cockburn replied to Cochrane's inquiries with a suggestion for a landing place and an exciting objective.

'I feel no hesitation in stating to you that I consider the town of Benedict in the Patuxent, to offer us advantages for this purpose beyond any other spot in the United States,' Cockburn wrote. 'Within 48 hours after the arrival in the Patuxent of such a force as you expect, the City of Washington might be possessed without difficulty or opposition of any kind.'

Cockburn was an adventurous, swashbuckling, Elizabethan type of officer, and his daring idea of capturing Washington won over his commander. General Ross, who commanded the land forces, was less enthusiastic, but agreed.

The combined force sailed up the Patuxent on August 18, and the next morning the soldiers were landed. On August 20, they were formed up into three brigades, and marched off upstream to Nottingham, where the American Commodore Joshua Barney was rumoured to be waiting with a flotilla of gunboats which had been assembled to defend the river approaches to Washington.

On the first day, the troops advanced only six miles. The soldiers were unused to marching after six weeks confined in ships, and the heat and humidity were unbearable, far more uncomfortable than the dry heat they had known in Spain. The Army had no summer uniforms, and the men marched in their heavy red coats, carrying their arms, ammunition, blankets and packs. Many collapsed from heatstroke and some died. The more sensibly dressed sailors, who were hauling the column's cannon, were no better off as they dragged the expedition's substitute for proper artillery through the forests. They had been given this job because there were only four horses available. Not only did this mean then there were none to haul the guns, but there was no cavalry to provide reconaissance.

The next night, the whole campaign was nearly called off. Admiral Cochrane lost his nerve, and sent an order to Cockburn and Ross ordering them to abandon the attack on Washington and return at once. The two officers went for a walk in the darkness, and Cockburn succeeded in convincing Ross that they should disregard the order and press on. So far, they had met no real resistance.

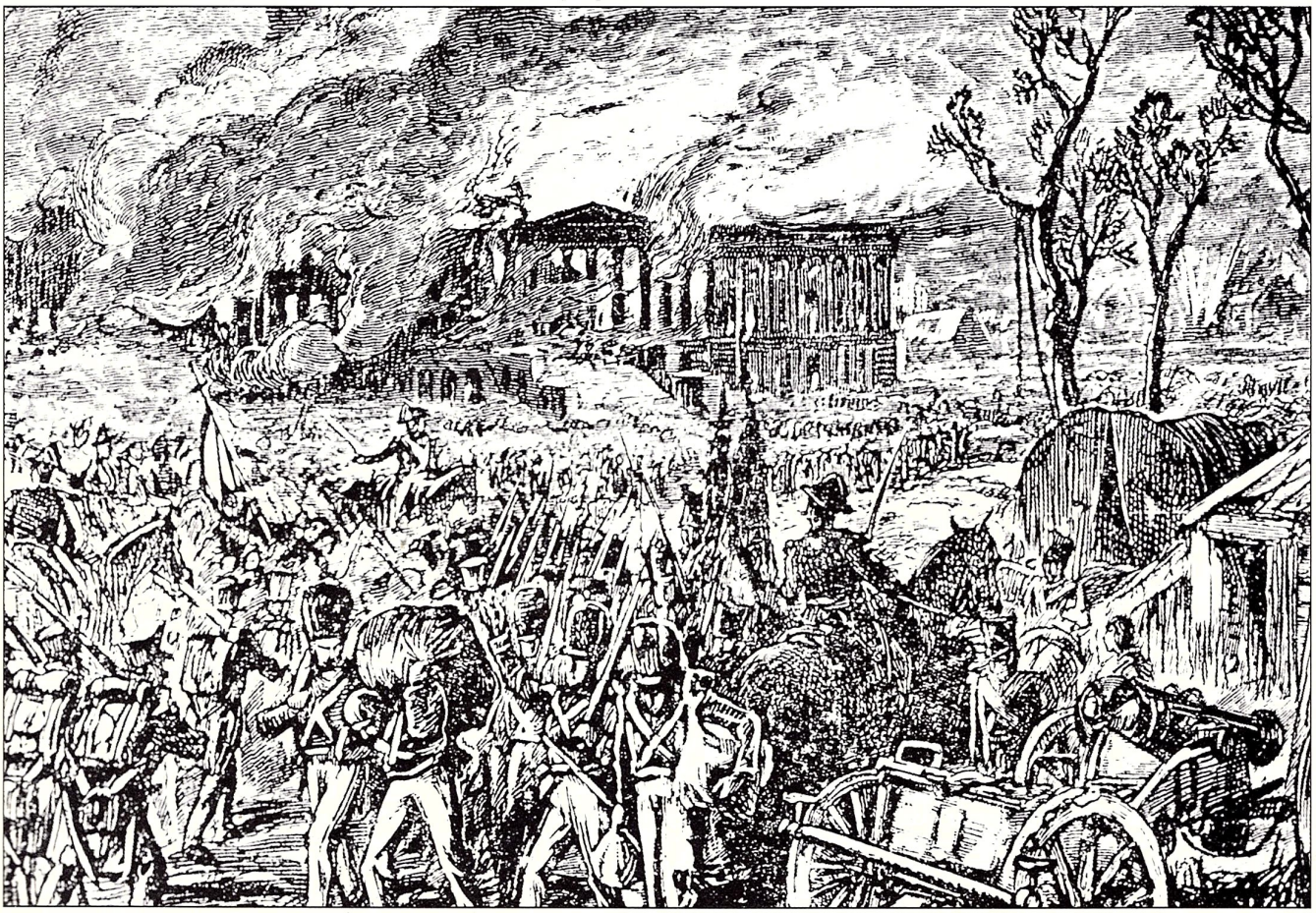
Early the next morning, August 24, the column set off for Bladensburg, east of Washington, where there was a vital bridge leading to the Washington road. Bladensburg had been chosen because, even if the bridge were destroyed, the Eastern Branch river could still be forded there. At Bladensburg, the bridge remained intact, but the American militia were dug in and waiting, and at first they put up a fight. At that point, Lieutenant John Lawrence unleashed the British secret weapon, never before seen in North America: the Congreve rocket. The rockets could not be aimed reliably, but they terrified the American soldiers as they zoomed overhead with flames and sparks. In the confusion, the commander of the First Brigade, Colonel Thornton, led a suicidal charge that succeeded in getting across the bridge, and the rest of the British force followed, under American artillery fire, which soon ceased as the gunners abandoned their guns.

Panic spread among the Americans and soon even the steady regiments began to break. In the

turn to page 82

Major-General Robert Ross who commanded the British forces.

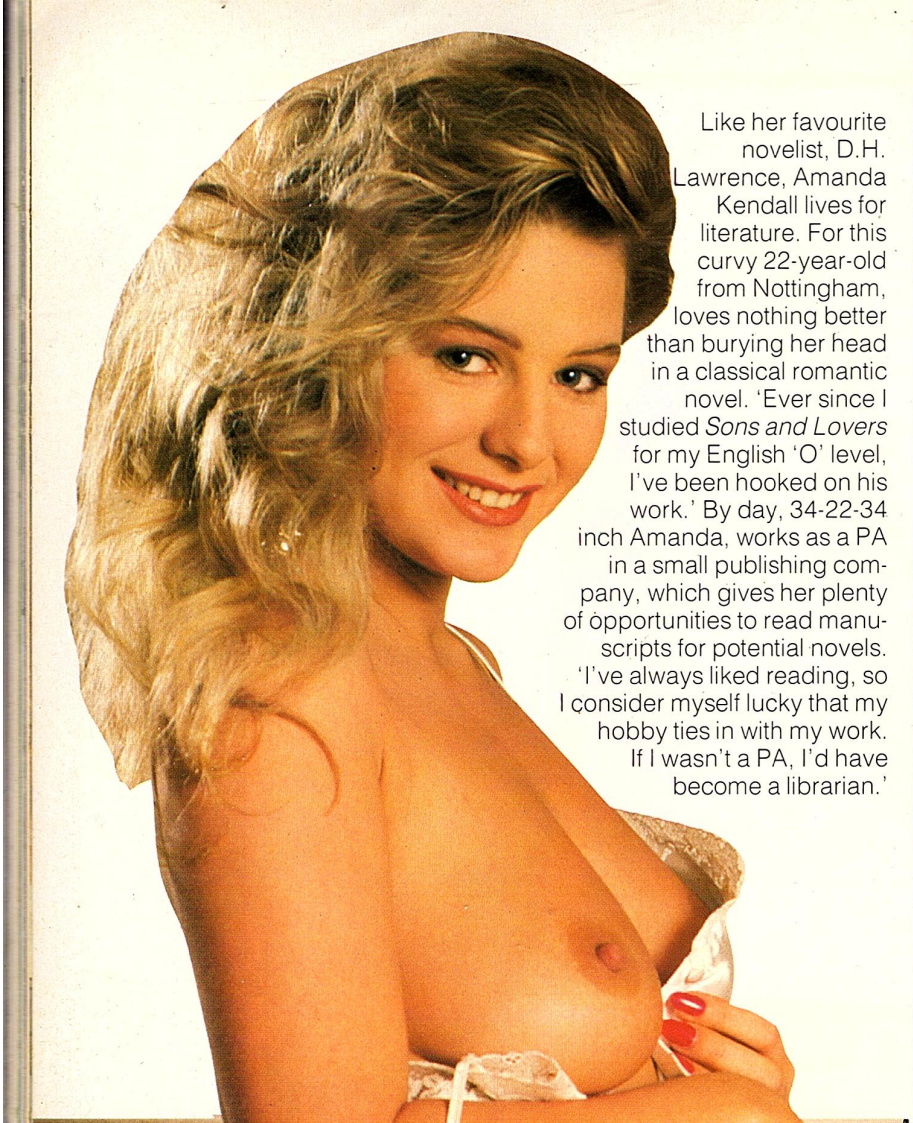
Rear-Admiral George Cockburn, the officer who proposed the idea.



A contemporary depiction of the burning of Washington in 1814 with the British troops who captured the capital city.

Amanda

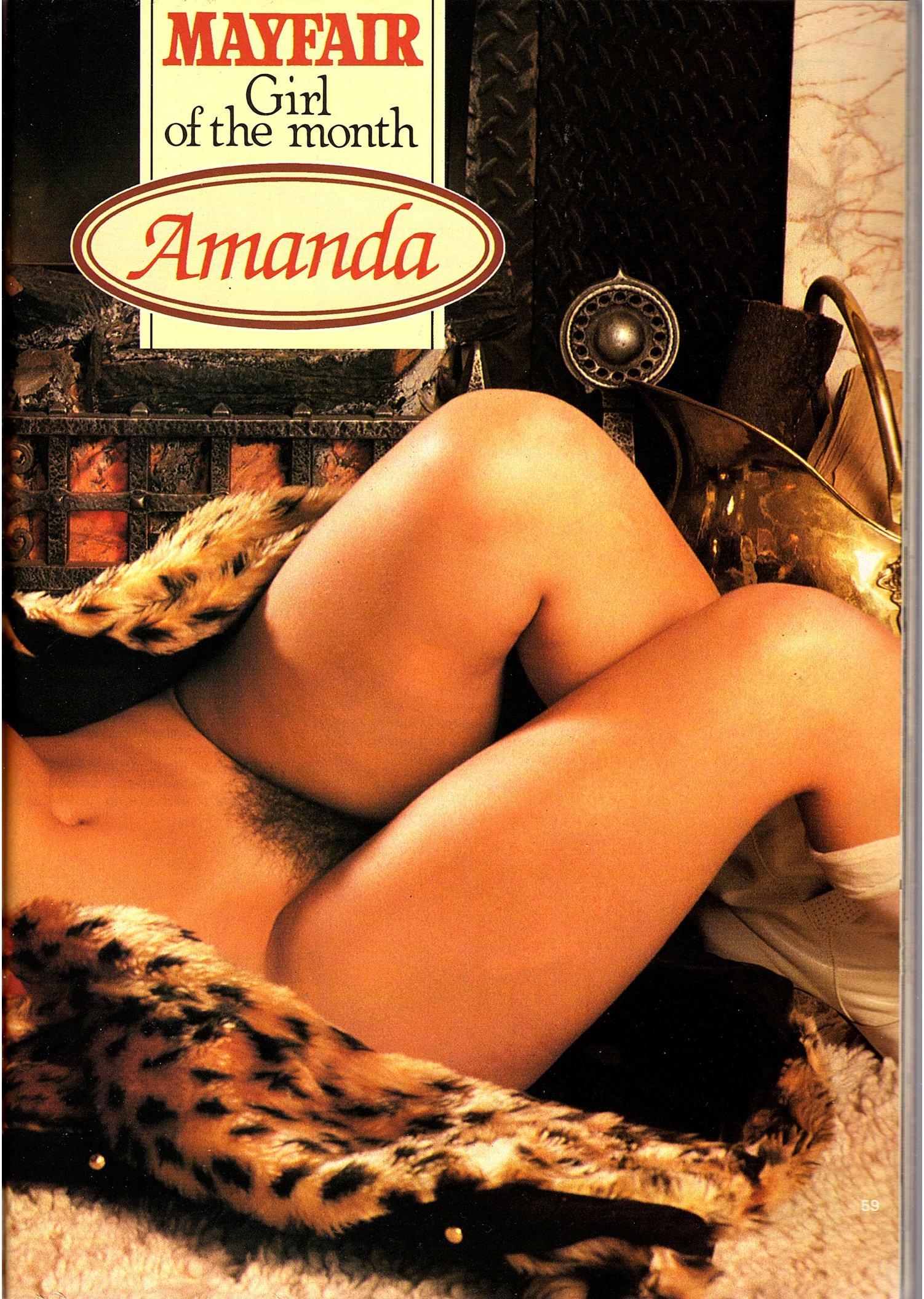
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PETER WILLIAMS



Like her favourite novelist, D.H. Lawrence, Amanda Kendall lives for literature. For this curvy 22-year-old from Nottingham, loves nothing better than burying her head in a classical romantic novel. 'Ever since I studied *Sons and Lovers* for my English 'O' level, I've been hooked on his work.' By day, 34-22-34 inch Amanda, works as a PA in a small publishing company, which gives her plenty of opportunities to read manuscripts for potential novels. 'I've always liked reading, so I consider myself lucky that my hobby ties in with my work. If I wasn't a PA, I'd have become a librarian.'

Like many of the heroines in her favourite novels, Amanda confesses to being a true romantic. 'I love to be treated like a real woman. I'm not really into women's lib. I firmly believe that women should treasure their femininity, and not try to match men in everything they do.' Despite having such strong views, Amanda says she is really quite reserved. 'I think I am probably a little shy, and this does tend to put people off.' Amanda's first modelling assignment was inspired by a book from her favourite author.

'When I read D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the underlying theme was that people should respect their bodies and treat them as things to be adored and admired, not be hidden away in shame.' Being such a literary expert, does Amanda have any plans to become a novelist herself? 'Maybe in the future. At present I'm happy enough to curl up on a sofa and read.'


MAYFAIR
Girl
of the month
Amanda

TOYS THE

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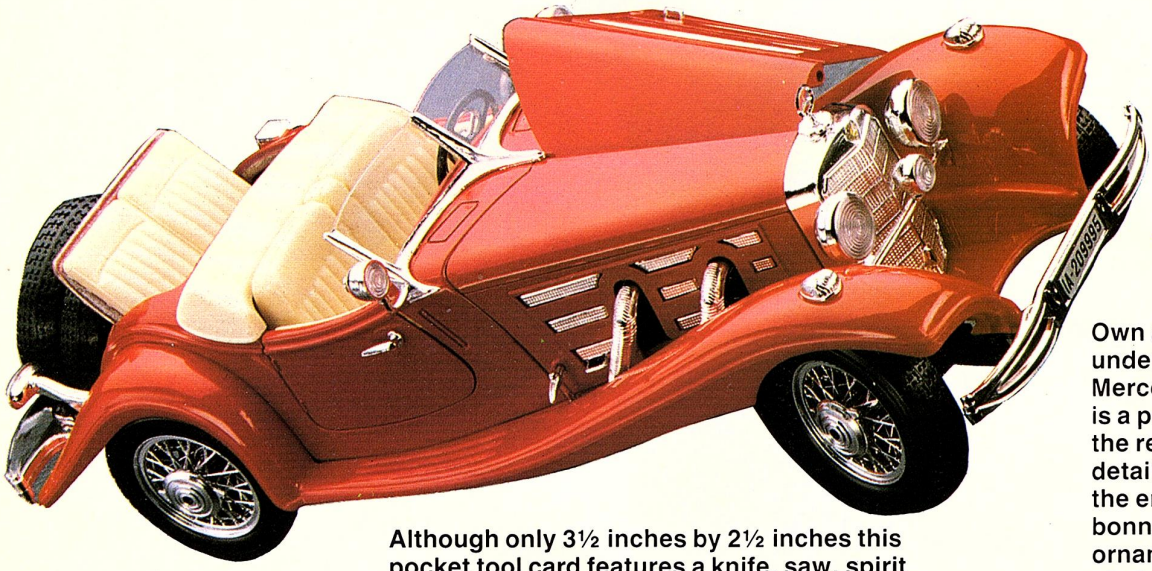

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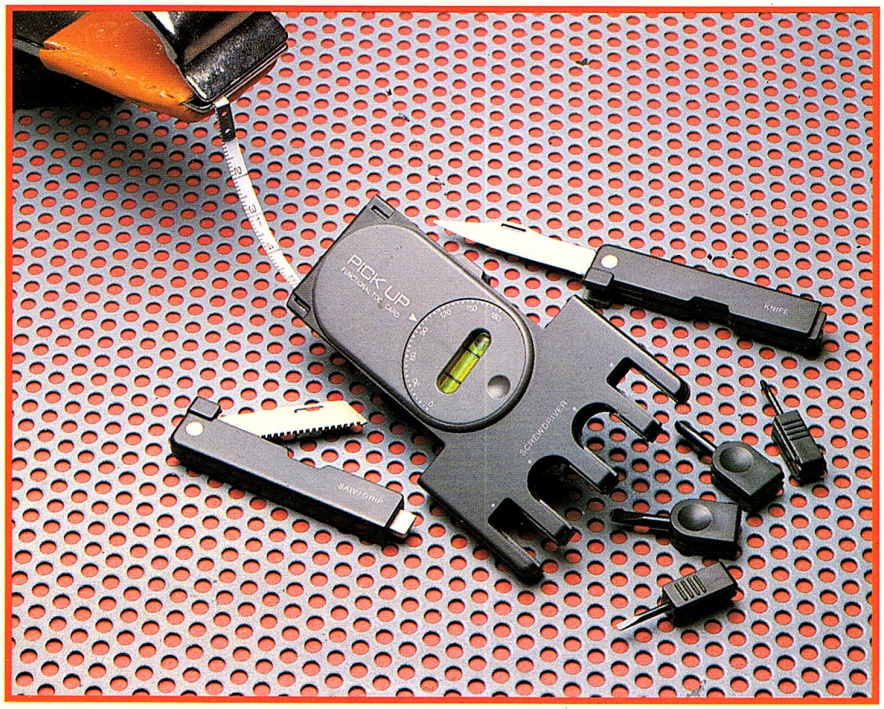
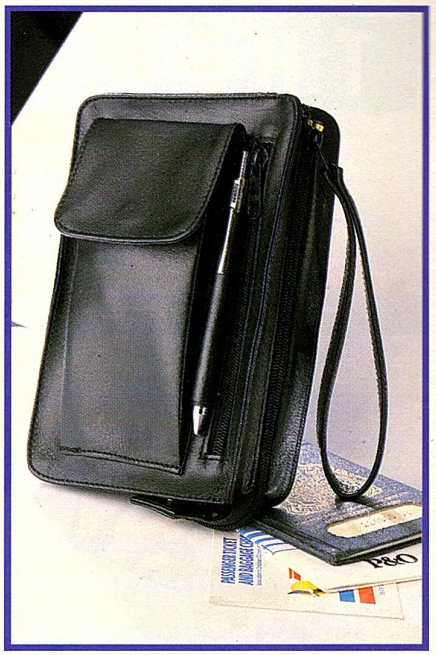


FOR BOYS



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GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Two old men were sipping brandies in their gentleman's club when they spotted an elderly man in the corner one of them vaguely recognised.
'I say, Smithers,' said the first. 'Isn't that the Archbishop of Canterbury?'
'I really don't know, old thing,' came the reply. 'Why don't you go and ask him?'
'Good idea, I will.'
So saying the old buffer made his way to the frail elderly gentleman in the corner.
'I say, excuse me, sir,' he asked. 'but are you the Archbishop of Canterbury?'
'Fuck off and leave me alone,' replied the elderly gent irritably.
Taken aback, the club member returned to his friend.
'What did he say?' asked Smithers.
'He said, 'Fuck off and leave me alone.'
'Damn!' said Smithers. 'Now we'll never know.'

What did the woodpecker say when he walked into the pub?
'Is the bar tender here?'

Fresh from the cosmetic counter — young Fliss
Joined her boss Max for a moment of bliss.
When they both re-appeared.
Fliss's lipstick was smeared.
Max Factor? No, just gave her a kiss.

Two redneck Canadian hunters had embarked on their annual week of moosehunting. As the seaplane carrying them to a remote moose-infested area came in to land, the young pilot turned to them and said: 'Right, I'll be back in one week to pick you up, but remember — only one moose apiece.'
The two rednecks looked at each other, but said nothing.
A week later the plane returned to find the two hunters standing proudly, with two dead moose each lying at their feet.
'I told you only one moose each,' said the distraught pilot. 'There's no way this plane can take off with that much weight.'
'What kind of pilot do you call yourself?' said one of the rednecks. 'Why the one we had last year, he wasn't afraid to take off with four moose.''
Incensed at this slur on his wingmanship, the young pilot reconsidered: 'I guess, if you did it last year, we can do it this year.'
They loaded up the plane and the pilot taxied to take off. The plane bounced across the water as it struggled to take off with all the weight. Abruptly it flipped over, shot across the water and smashed into the nearby forest.
Some time later, the rednecks regained consciousness.
'Where are we?' one asked.
His friend looked round at the scattered bits of plane and dead moose and then back at the edge of the lake and replied: 'Oh, I guess about a hundred yards further than last year.'

What do women and spaghetti have in common?
They both wiggle when you eat them.

The Rev Dr Spooner took a party of students to the beach for a swim. After a short while, he suddenly ordered them all out. Asked why, he simply said. 'Turds!'
Immediately the students leapt out of the polluted waters, and relaxed on the beach instead, eating their sandwiches.
An hour later, the Reverend Doctor announced that he was going for a swim again.
'But what about the turds?' asked one of his students.
'Don't worry,' replied Spooner. 'The turds have tined.'

What's the difference between a toy poodle humping your leg and a bull mastiff humping your leg?'
The bull mastiff gets to finish.

Two farmers were leaning on a fence chatting.
'Here, George, did I tell you that son of yours has put my daughter in the family way?'
'Really?' replied the other farmer casually.
'I'm not surprised. Clumsy bugger broke my spade the other day.'

Did you hear about Randolph the brown-nosed reindeer?
He pulled the sleigh behind Rudolph but couldn't stop as quickly.

Male chauvinist joke of the month:
Why does it take women longer to climax?
Who cares?

Great Quotes of Our Time:
Mae West describing her hectic schedule:
'I'm the girl who works for Paramount all day, and Fox all night.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Invididual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

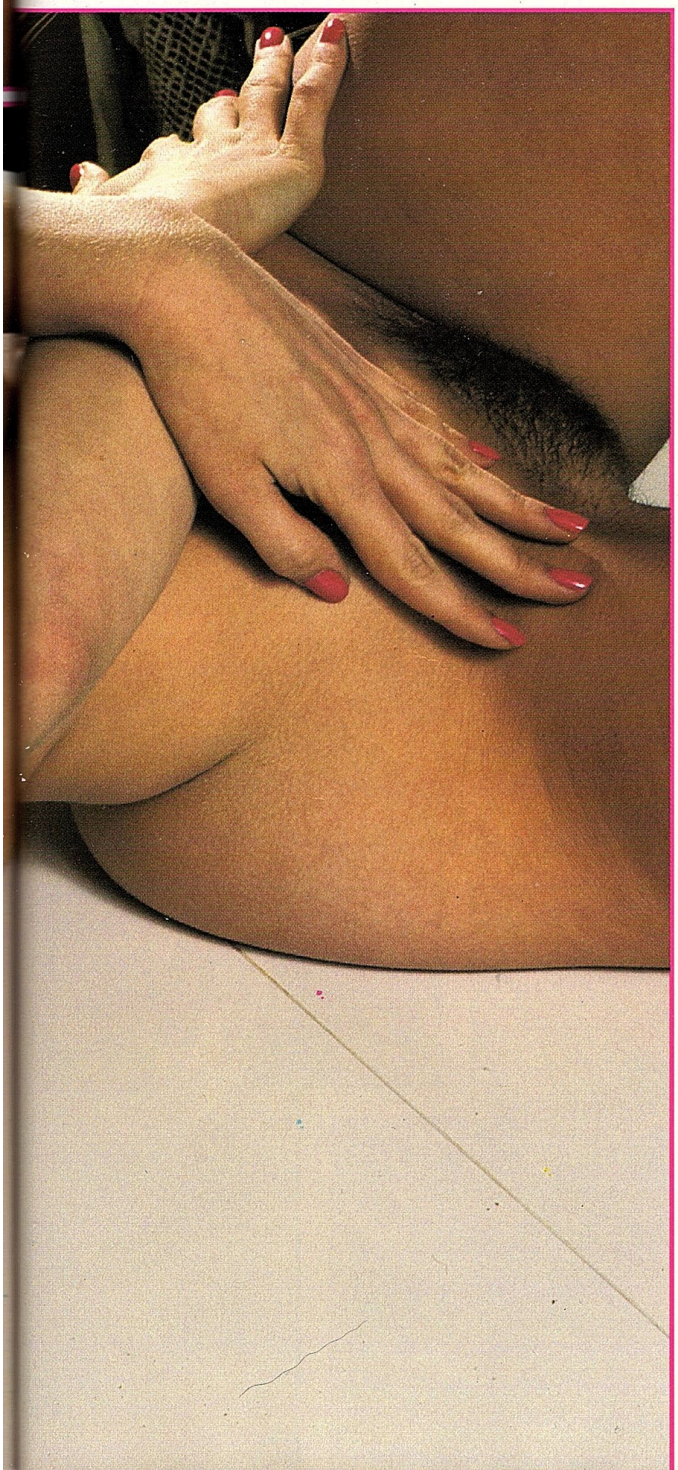
LUCY

Sporty Lucy Gresty is a lady forever on the move. This shapely 21-year-old from Barnet is a self-confessed tennis nut, and loves playing a few sets with friends 'If I hadn't decided to become a glamour model, I may well have made a career out of the game.'

Indeed, 36-23-36 inch Lucy was so talented, she played for her county at the age of 16, and won a junior tournament.
'I really love the game and play as often as I can, but I thought if I took up the sport as a professional, I'd lose the enjoyment.' She has no regrets though and loves her work.

'It's a real bonus to be able to fly off to exotic hot places, and miss the cold English winters,' Lucy laughs.

Last month she was in St Tropez on a modelling assignment, and already has other foreign trips lined up. 'My work keeps me away a lot, so I do tend to get a little homesick.' When not playing tennis, Lucy has two other passions in life, rock music and motor bikes. 'I'm a great fan of groups like Bon Jovi and Whitesnake, and always go to their concerts when they play in London. I think the lead singers are absolutely gorgeous. It must be the combination of leathers and long hair, and all that strutting around the stage,' she laughs. Its hardly surprising with such musical tastes as these, that Lucy likes motor bikes. 'I went for a ride on the back of a Harley-Davidson once, and from then on I've been hooked.'



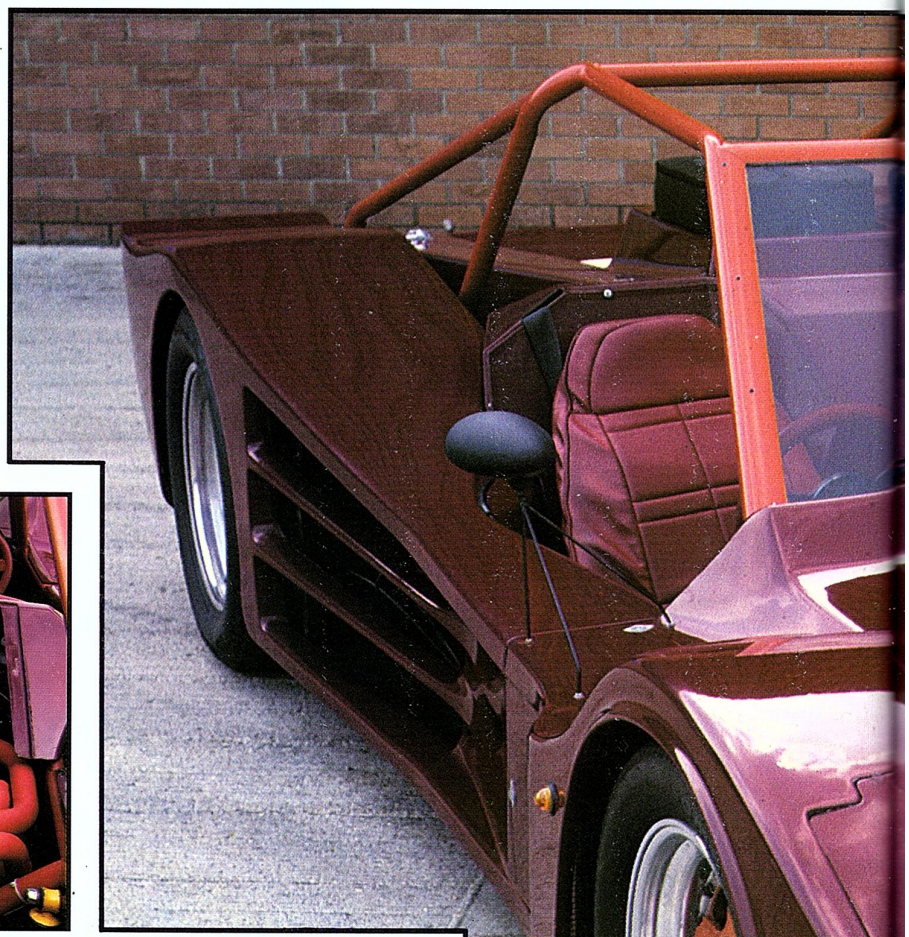
WHO'S UVA?

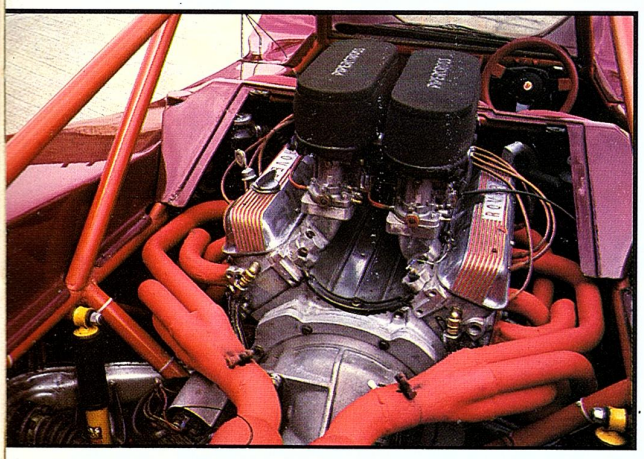
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDREW MORLAND

With an expanding catalogue of kit cars and a growing export market to the Far East, we think you should be told

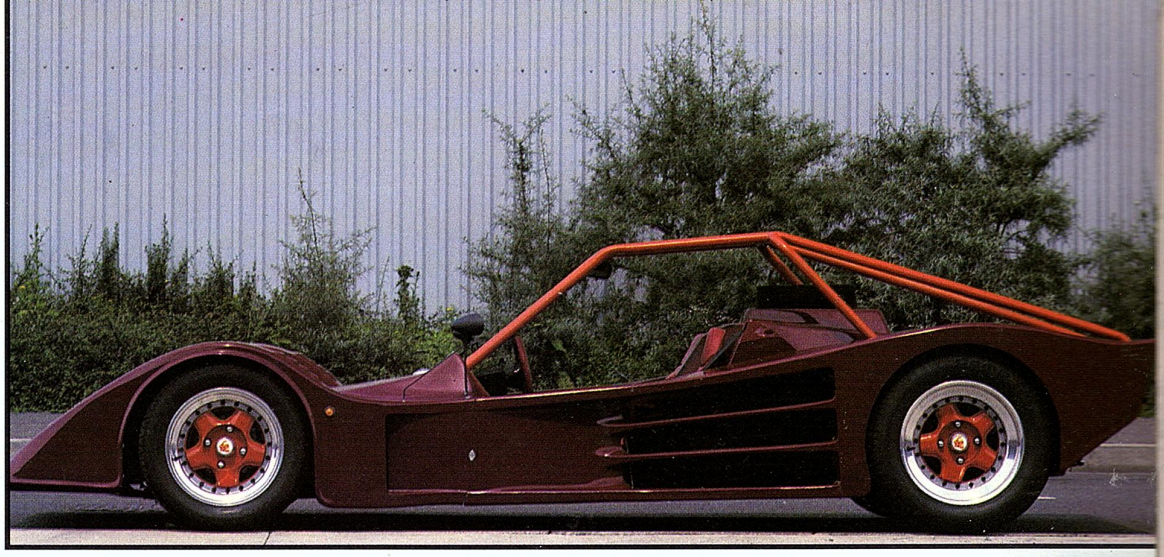
If your idea of a luxury kit-car is one with four wheels and a better than 50 per cent chance of making it to the end of the beach and back, then Newbury based UVA would have you think again.

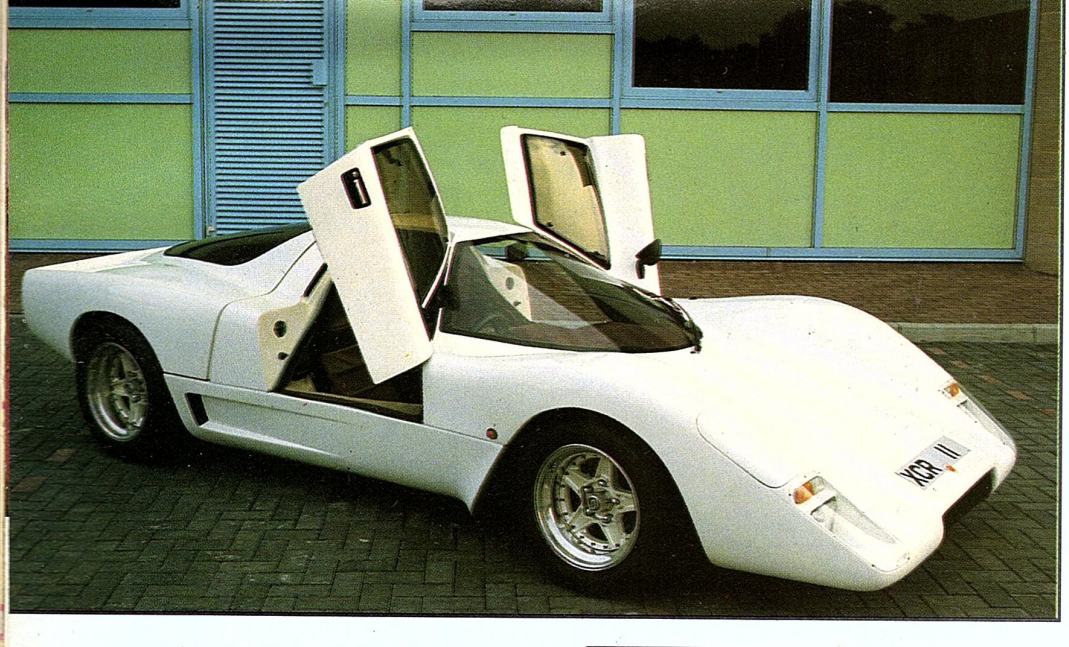
UVA — Unique Vehicles and Accessories — has been in business since 1981, when it first began its policy of making high quality cars available in kit form. The company's first venture into the market was the Montage, which, rechristened the M6 GTR, remains the company's flagship. Based, though you would be hard pressed to recognise it, on the long-established Volkswagen Beetle, the completed M6 GTR is capable of speeds up to 150 mph. Ready-built the car will set you back a hefty £32,500, though those more inclined to get their hands, paths and garages dirty can obtain the kit for a comparatively





Main picture: the 3.9 litre Can-Am, a combination of the Fugitive chassis and a Rover V8 engine. Right: the car's aerodynamic profile and, left, the stylish interior, featuring VDO instrumentation and reclining seats as standard. Below left: the 3.9 engine. Bottom left: the Can Am, capable of 0-60 mph in only 4.9 seconds.





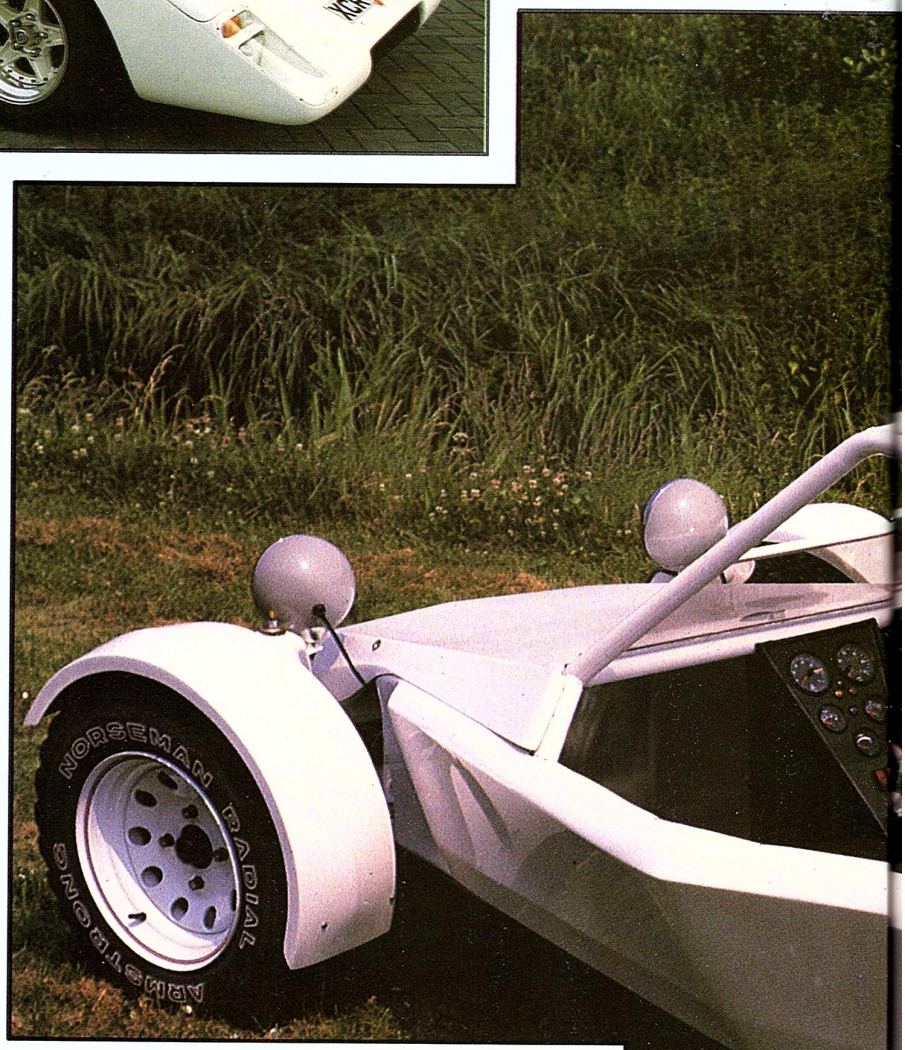
Main picture: UVA's Fugitive range, based on American Baja Desert race cars. Left: the top of the range M6 GTR, unrecognisable from its original VW base and, on the far right, shown again from above. Right: the Shogun, a conversion kit suited to any Beetle chassis. Below: The Fugitive, highlighting its roll bars. The base is again pure Volkswagen.

modest £12,000. Whilst kit-car enthusiasts everywhere hold up their hands in horror, and mentally calculate just how many beach jalopies they could knock together for the same price, it is worth considering just what you get for your money.

Although purchasers of the ready-built version have a choice of only three engine sizes (3.5, 3.9 and 4.2 litre), the more industrious kit-builder has a practically unlimited choice.

As might be expected, though, the Rover V8 engine has become the popular choice. In keeping with the expectations of every would-be racing driver, the engine is mid-car mounted and this, combined with a choice of four or five speed gear boxes, offers an acceleration of 0-60 in around five seconds.

The interior of the car will come as something of



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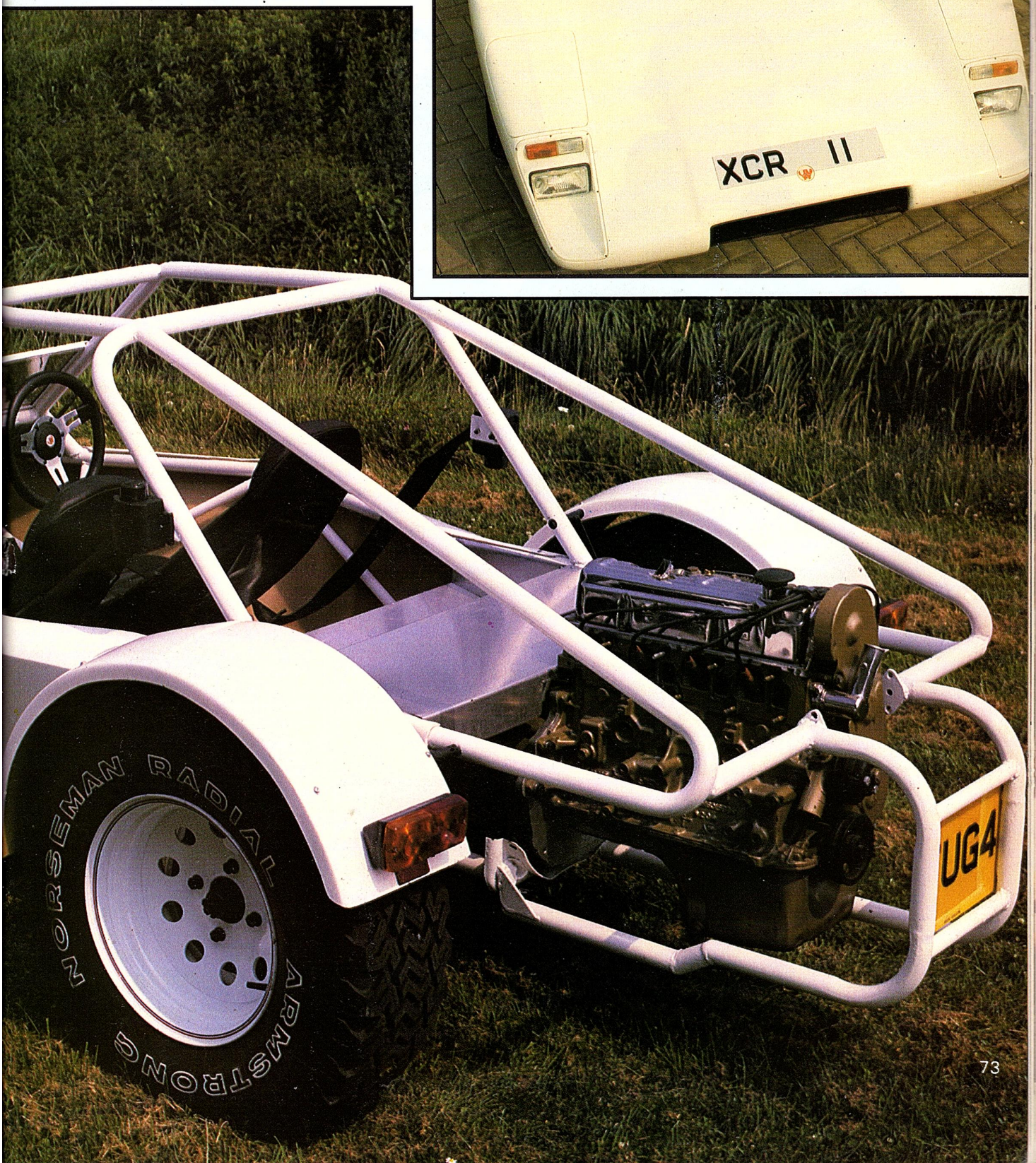
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a shock to those still ignorant enough to associate the kit-car with beach buggies and the old Ashleys only. The M6 GTR traces its lineage more to the Lotus and its ilk, rather than its downmarket counterparts. The interior of the car offers leather upholstery and air-conditioning as optional extras, with German Porsche-style VDO instrumentation, deep pile carpeting and luxurious bucket seats as standard.

UVA, though, has not totally turned its back on the more down-market aspects of the kit-car range. Those offended by the sophistication of the M6 GTR, may take refuge in the company's appropriately named Fugitive range. Introduced some five and a half years ago, these 1.3 and 2 litre on or off-road racers, perform at speeds of up to 95 mph, with a 0-60 time of just over six seconds. The car's full roll over cage and similarity to the hard-bitten American Baja Desert race cars are designed to bring a tear of joy to any enthusiast's eye.

The base is again pure VW, but the price is a more affordable £6,000 for the ready-built model, making it a cheap way of getting into off-road motor sport. For those not tempted by the track, the car may be easily street legalised and also comes in a four-seater version, the Fugitive 4. With its 1.6 litre engine and top speed of 87 mph, family outings may never be quite the same.

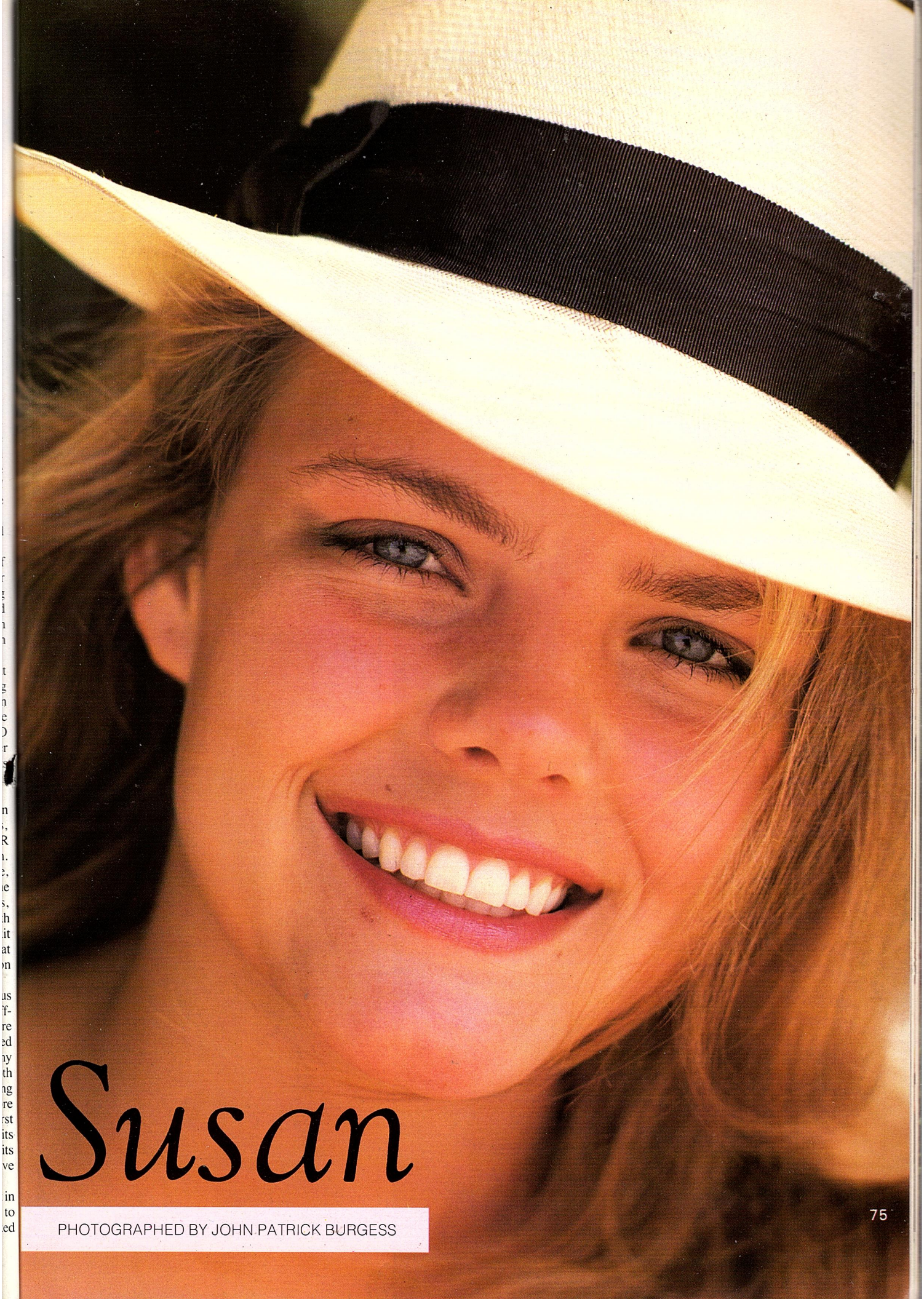
UVA pre-empted the inevitable tinkering and experimentation of kit-car enthusiasts, by doing what must have started to cross the minds of many, and producing a hybrid of its two earlier cars. The result is the F33 Can Am — coupling the 4 litre Rover V8 engine of the M6 GTR and the Fugitive chassis. Together the combination can reach speeds of 158 mph or go from 0-60 in 4.9 seconds.

Naturally enough, the hybrid is most truly at home on the racetrack, where its racing suspension and underside aerodynamics can most fully come into play. However it is possible to street legalise the model and enjoy its VDO instrumentation, reclining seats and full weather protection at a more leisurely pace. In its completed form, the 3.9 litre model costs £17,385 and the kit £14,340.

With an investment of some 3-400 man hours in the construction of the more sophisticated kits, it is obvious that knocking together an M6 GTR is not the best place for an amateur to begin. More accessible is the company's Shogun range, said to be one of the easiest kits to build. The Shogun may be mounted on any beetle chassis, with the kit builder having a free hand with regard to engine size and modifications. The kit converts the basic car into a four or five seat estate, complete with independent suspension and a six foot load bed.

The flexibility of the kit can give either a rigorous but respectable family estate or a distinctive off-road racer. The off-road racing capabilities are easily enhanced with the addition of widened tyres and over size wheels. With the company expanding the range of accessories for both Volkswagen and Rover, as well as maintaining the kit car range, UVA look set to let a lot more people know just who they are. Being the first kit-car company to provide seminars for its customers, and the avowed intention of its designer, Alan Arnold, to 'design cars that drive as well as they look' will help

UVA now sells some 48 M6 GTRs a year, but in an industry some 130-strong, it's difficult to shine. Nevertheless the company is now ranked among the top 30 UK kit-car operators.



Susan

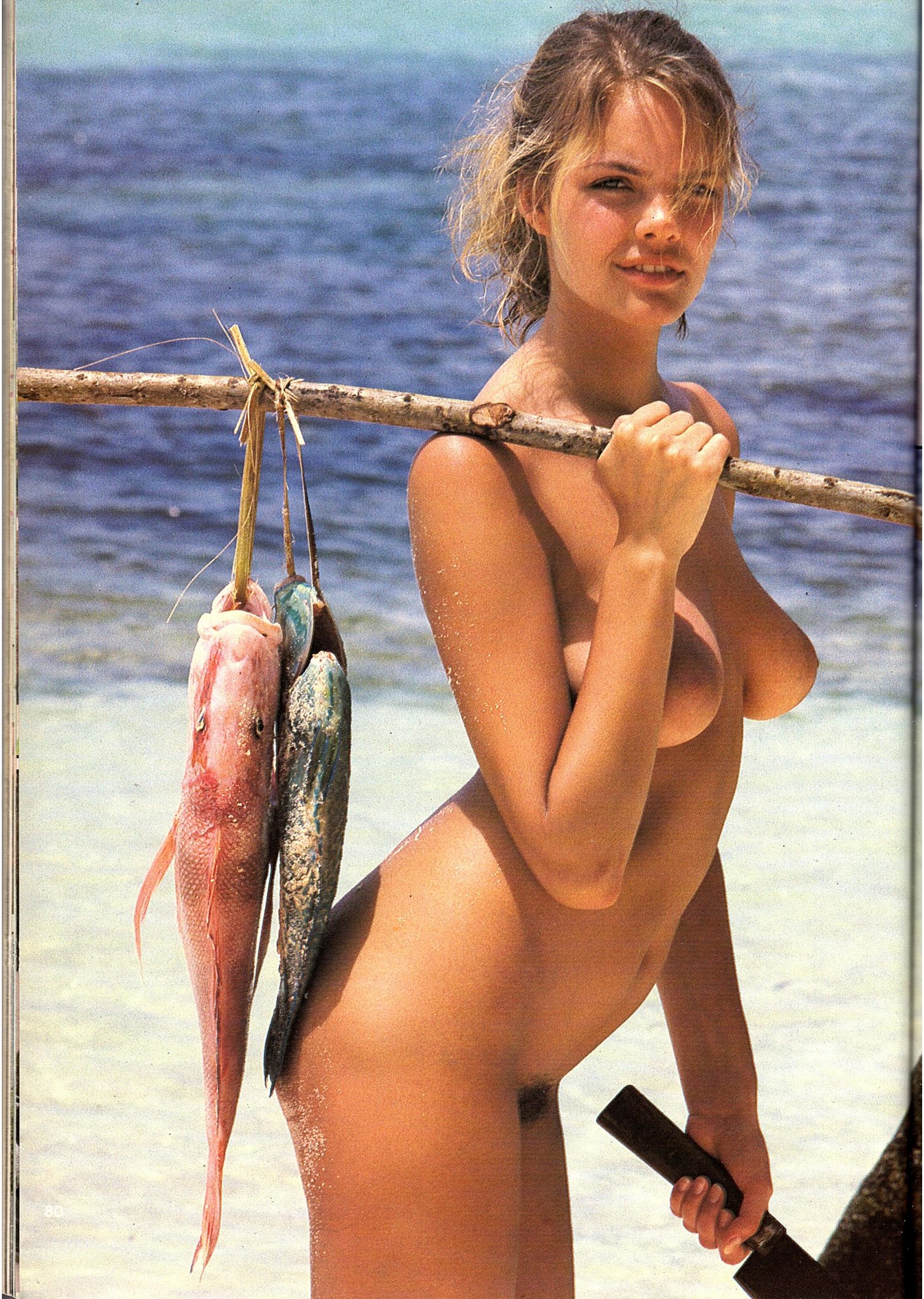
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

'This time last year, I was trying to pursuade somebody to clear the snow off my path,' laughs Susan Fletcher aged 24. 1989 proved quite different, though, as we plucked Susan from her home in Frome, just outside Bath, and spirited her away to the Caribbean. For Susan (34-24-34), the trip was a dream come true: 'The Caribbean is wonderful. The nearest I've ever been to it before was six visits to the local ABC to see *The Blue Lagoon*. I knew every bit of that film off by heart — especially the racier moments. From the first time I saw it I was enthralled by that film, there was something about it that really captured my imagination.'

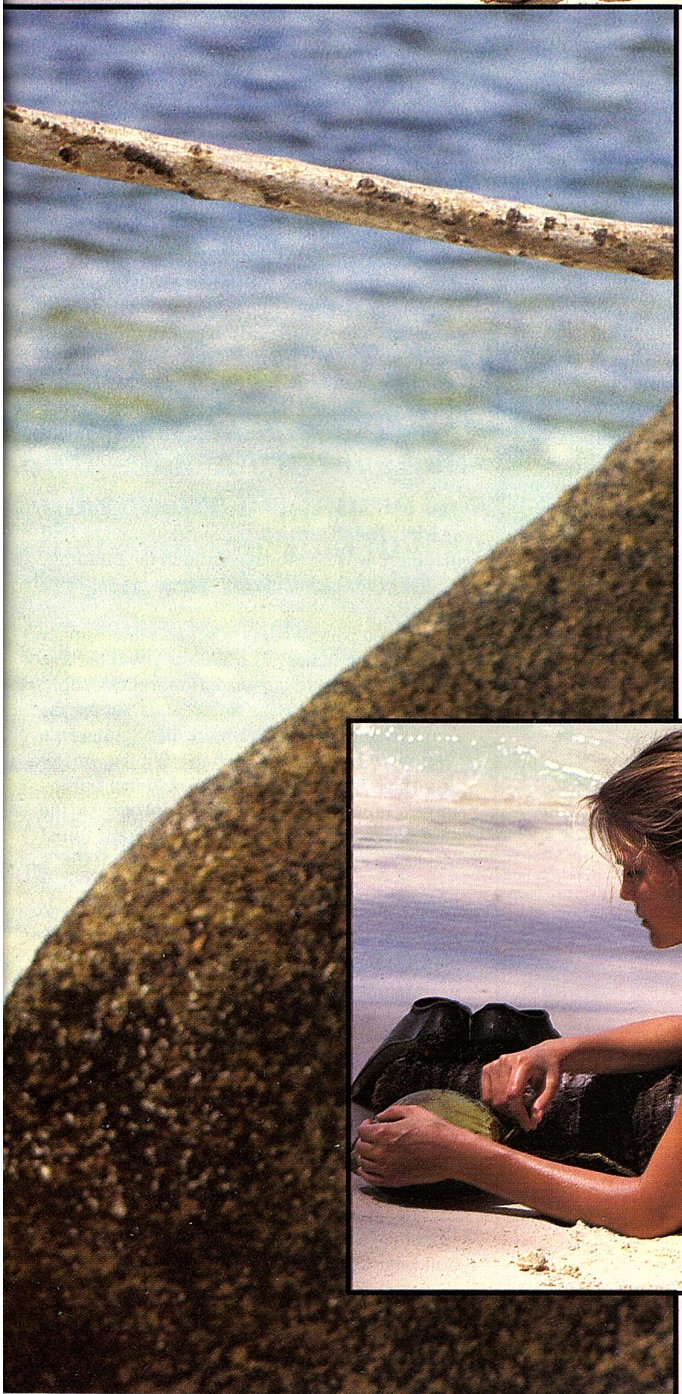
'The idea of two young people growing up on an isolated island, free from any adults, really appealed to me,' she adds wistfully. 'All that having to find out about everything naturally, much better than finding out about it on some tatty sofa or in the back of a clapped-out Escort.'

There is only one cloud on Susan's tropical horizon — unlike the Brooke Shields character in the movie, she has no one to share her Caribbean hideaway with.

'I've not had a regular boyfriend for a while now,' she says sadly. Not for want of offers, though.'



'In my usual work — I'm a promotions girl at a well known supermarket chain. I get so many offers I don't know which to accept. Everybody seems so nice and so genuine, that I don't want to offend anyone. So, I just say no all the time, well most of the time,' she concedes.
Still all of this must seem a long way from luring weary male shoppers to sample some tempting new titbit as they tour the hypermarkets of Bath. Then again perhaps it isn't.



The night we burned the White House

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middle of the general retreat was President Madison, who had been watching the battle. As he joined the rout, he met reinforcements coming from an unlikely source: the US Navy.

Commodore Barney had blown up his gunboats in order to prevent them being captured by Cockburn, and, since he and his men were now unemployed as seamen, he formed them into a naval brigade, and now arrived at Bladenburg with 520 sailors and marines, as well as five cannon.

Barney and his men fought well, trying to do the job that the army should have done, but he was wounded and the civilian drivers of his ammunition waggons deserted, taking the waggons with them. Barney told his men to retire, and he was soon captured.

Unbelievably, the road to Washington was now open and undefended. General Ross decided that his men needed a rest before entering the city, but after only three hours he personally led the British advance squad into Washington at dusk. He was soon joined by Admiral Cockburn, and, leaving most of the Third Brigade outside the city centre, Ross and Cockburn rode with the advance party into the empty city. Their first objective was the Capitol building, where the Senate and House of Representatives sat.

Suddenly they came under fire from one of the houses beside the road, and four men were hit. Admiral Cockburn galloped back to the main body of the British force, and brought back part of the 21st Foot, who set fire to the house by firing Congreve rockets into it.

Almost immediately a much larger fire drew everyone's attention. Captain Thomas Tingey of the US Navy had deliberately set fire to the Navy Yard which he commanded, destroying not only the stores but a complete frigate and sloop of war, which would never see action.

Now the burnings began, as an act of deliberate policy. When the Americans had briefly captured York (now Toronto), they had burnt the Parliament Buildings, and this began a cycle of burnings and retaliatory burnings which would continue for the rest of the war.

It has been decided that all public buildings, and any private building where resistance was offered, or where weapons or ammunition were found, would be destroyed. A hotel across from the Capitol was found to contain a cache of guns and ammunition, and was immediately set on fire.

Lieutenant George de Lacy Evans, an officer on General Ross's staff, commanded a party of men who broke down the doors of the Capitol, and for an hour officers and men alike searched the building for souvenirs. The order was then given to burn the building. General Ross had intended to blow it up, but some local residents who had remained begged him not to, because their homes would be destroyed.

At first Lieutenant George Pratt of the Navy had difficulty carrying out the order, managing to start only local fires, but finally he succeeded by piling up all the furniture in a heap, sprinkling it with powder from the Congreve rockets, and then firing more rockets straight into the pile.

Sparks from the fire set four other buildings alight, and the spectacle reminded Lieutenant George Gleig of the 85th Foot of the burning of San Sebastian which he had witnessed during the Peninsular War.

Now that the Capitol was blazing, the next target was the President's house. When Cockburn and Ross arrived at the deserted mansion, they were astonished to find that the table had been laid for a party of 40 in the dining room. The first course, a variety of cold meats, was already served, and bottles of wine stood in coolers packed with ice, very welcome in the steamy heat. The British party sat down and treated themselves to the President's dinner, and used his wine to toast 'the health of the Prince Regent and the success of His Majesty's arms by sea and land'. A miserable American prisoner was forced to propose a toast to 'Jemmy', President Madison's nickname.

Once the jovial dinner was over, and another set of souvenirs had been taken (Admiral Cockburn took a cushion from Mrs Madison's chair and one of the President's hats), the Navy's incendiary expert Lieutenant Pratt was called in to set the place on fire. He repeated the method which had proved successful at the Capitol, piling up the furniture, and having his sailors requisition lighted torches from a tavern across the street. Soon the President's house, known then as the 'Executive Mansion', was burning too.

The next target was the Treasury Building nearby, and the men were disappointed to find that there was no money stored in the building. But they did find plenty of paper to get their fire going.

The British commanders now had a later supper at a boarding house. The Treasury was to have been the last target, but when Admiral Cockburn went out in the streets again after supper he remembered that a Washington newspaper, the *National Intelligencer*, had printed many insulting stories about him. Cockburn bullied some civilians into showing him where the newspaper's office was. The first item found inside was a copy of what had been that day's issue, which led off with a reassuring story that Washington was safe, and that there would be no British attack. General Ross wanted the newspaper as as souvenir, but found that it was too big to fit into the pockets of his uniform.

Cockburn wanted to burn the *National Intelligencer* building, but two ladies who lived in another part of it persuaded him to relent. Cockburn decided to come back in the morning and destroy the office then. Before leaving to retire for the night, he assured the two ladies that, 'You shall be as safely protected under my administration as under that of Mr Madison.'

In fact, they were better protected, because General Ross left a sentry on guard at the building. Cockburn and Ross retired to Capitol

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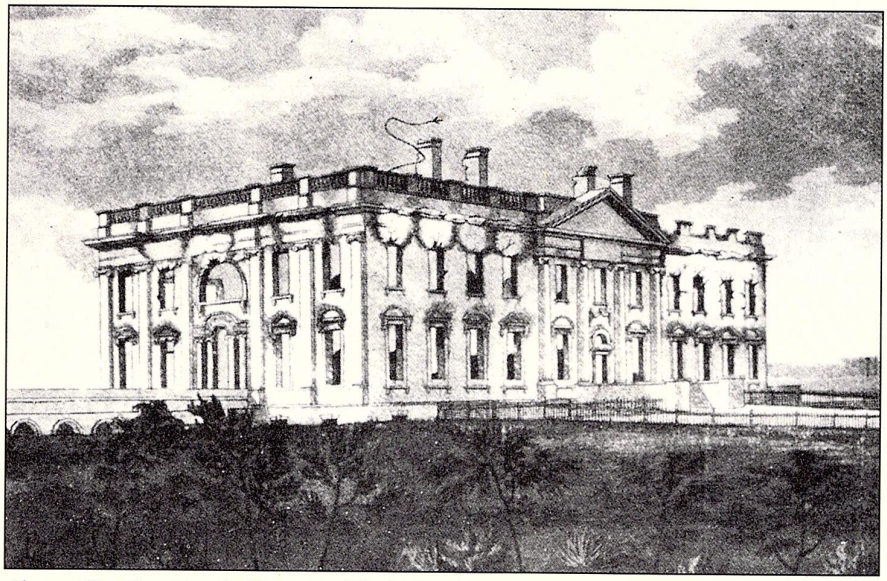
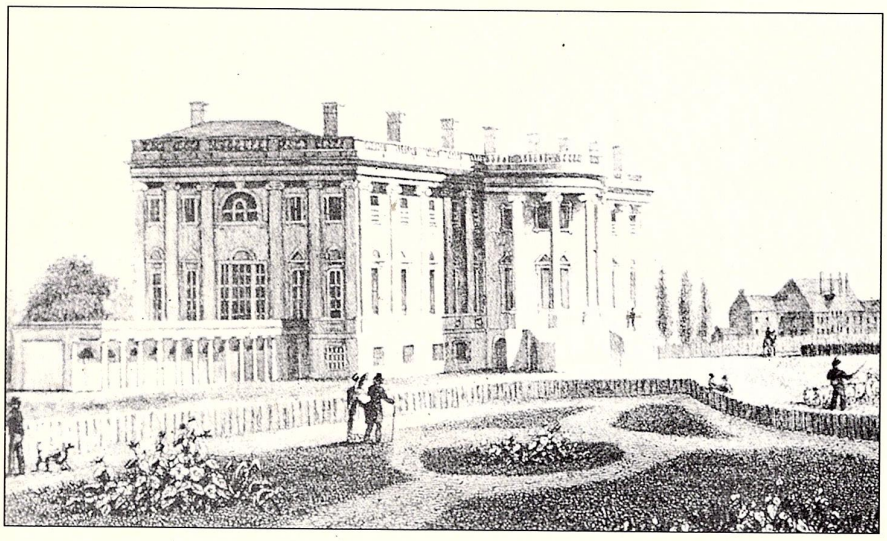
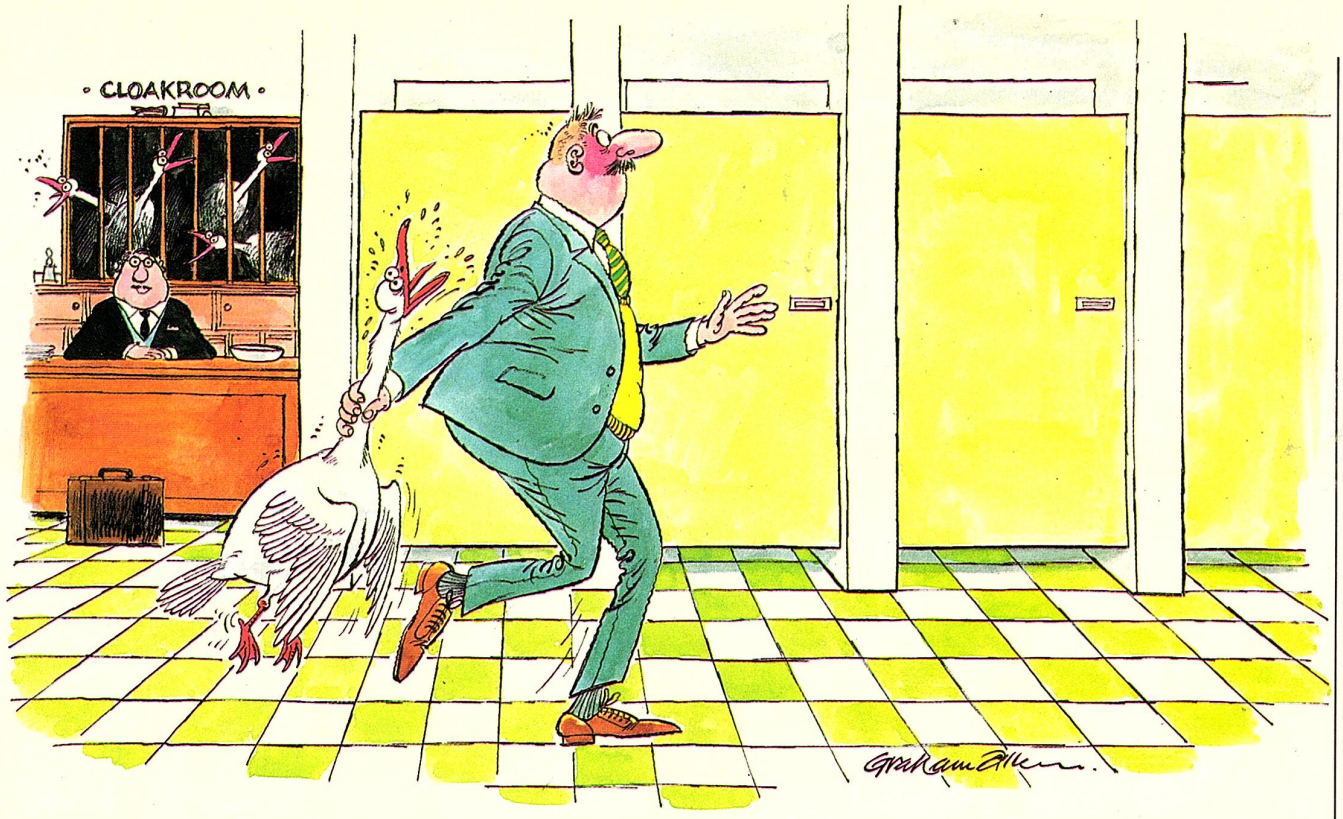


Above: The President's House or 'Executive Mansion' as it was known, after the fire.



The White House as it is today, with the bow-front added during restoration.

ILLUSTRATED BY GRAHAM ALLEN



Luxury hotels might take up Rabelais' suggestion for the ideal toilet roll substitute: live goose's neck

THE TOILET ROLE:
a potted history of lavatorial humour

'Ma's out, Pa's out, let's talk dirt:
Pee, po, belly, bum, drawers!'

Remember that one? The classic verse from Flanders and Swann neatly describes a child's notion of dirty jokes. But however much the little dears may know about sex nowadays, before they actually feel its stirrings, children are more amused by another taboo subject — the activities of the bathroom, the toilet, the loo, the khazi, the powder room, the crapper.

The number of names we have for the lavvy is proof of its importance. How much importance, you will remember from the last time you were caught short — miles from public or private convenience. Animals, of course, have no such problems. When they need to go, they go. The Victorians might not have talked about bodily functions, theirs or the beasts', but every street smelled of horse dung. Women's long skirts were soiled with it, and a large workforce was employed to sweep it up. Human excrement, mixed with ashes from domestic earth closets and euphemistically called *dust*, was collected for use as fertilizer. Dung, human and animal, has served that purpose since agriculture began; ironically, now chemicals have supplanted it, manure presents farmers with disposal problems. Dung is still used as fuel in some countries, and there have been attempts to develop a gas engine fed by methane from cesspits.

Until the late 19th Century saltpetre (potassium nitrate), for making gunpowder and preserving meat, was made from manure, rotting away in special cellars and contributing to the city smells. Formerly, the Saltpetre Man would visit stables, collecting earth from the floor and crust from the walls, which contains the potassium nitrate crystals.

Over the years the humble lavatory has been the butt of many a cheap joke. In fact, as Colin Davis discovered, there are good anecdotes running from Rabelais to the Royal wee

During the American Civil War, Southern ladies were encouraged to do their bit for the war effort by saving what was discreetly referred to as their 'chamber lye'.

Even the dog mess for which British pavements are famous, used to be collected and, called *pure*, used in the tanning of leather. Talking of dogs, I once met some people whose pooch had a paralysed tail he couldn't lift. When they took him for walkies, they carried a toilet roll to wipe him. Honest! Cats bury it, in litter tray or cherished flower bed, but an American cat-care book (it would be American) instructs you how to toilet-train your moggie starting with an elaborate false seat filled with litter, and ending, hopefully with puss perching on the loo itself. The author solemnly points out that sooner or later the creature will fall in and have to be retrained. Among domestic cats gone feral, dominant toms don't bury their droppings. They leave them on a little mound, to advertise their presence.

Wild animals, as TV viewers know, are endlessly various and amazing. A programme devoted to their methods of relieving themselves would be fascinating — how about it, Attenborough? The great man did show us two examples: a desert antelope which, to conserve precious fluid, pisses not liquid urine but dry pellets, and the incredible recycling rabbit, which eats its own droppings.

Many creatures are notable, not for their own excretory habits, but for their involvement with those of others. The scarab beetle, pushing his diligently gathered ball of dung, is the most famous and was indeed sacred in Egypt. In England, the rare and beautiful Purple Emperor butterfly will feed happily on a seething mound of pig dung. Of course, we tell ourselves comfortingly, humans don't do that sort of thing. Sorry . . . they do.

Starving peasants in some countries have been known to pick through horse dung seeking undigested oats, and who can forget the late, great Divine? Not anyone who saw the massive transvestite actor, later to find international fame in *Hairspray*, eat a fresh dog turd in the film *Pink Flamingoes*. Haigh, the acid-bath murderer, used to drink his own urine. Among certain Siberian tribes who indulged in hallucinogenic fungi, those too poor to get the real stuff, would drink the urine of the mushroom-heads, attaining a satisfactory second-hand high. A case of literally spending a night on the piss!

Both bowel and bladder have featured frequently in the arts. In *Gargantua*, Rabelais gives us a discussion of the best thing on which to wipe your

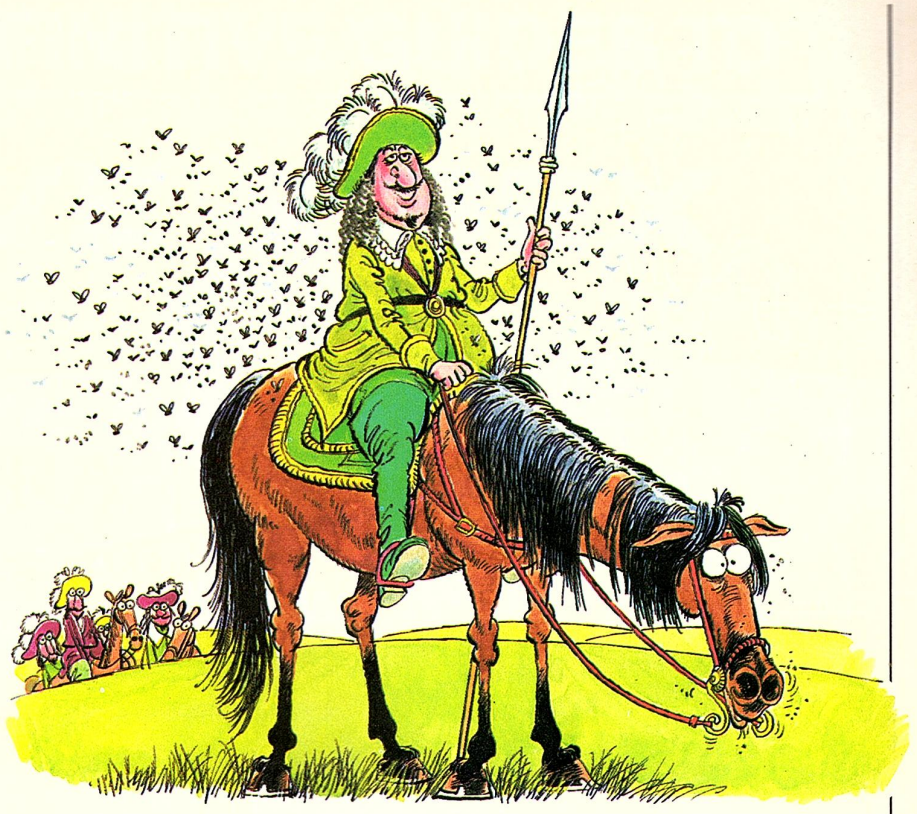
backside, the favourite being a live goose's neck. Now there's a tip for luxury hotels: a goose in every cubicle. Scatalogical humour in print has been generally accepted through the centuries, but even while Victoria was on the throne (sorry), Parisians were enjoying the *live* stage performances of the great Joseph Pujol, the original pétomane. It is hard to imagine today's theatre or TV finding a place for a man whose virtuosity was farting. When lavatory humour appears, it is an incidental part of a story, like the scene in *Blazing Saddles* where Mel Brooks shows the inevitable results of those beans the cowboys ate. Blake Edwards has a robust sense of humour and *SOB*, famous for the baring of Julie Andrews' boobs, invites us to laugh at a man shitting himself. In Pasolini's grim film *Salo*, based on a de Sade novel, victims are forced to eat human excrement. One of the most unlikely items in the serious film magazines was Pasolini's recipe for realistic turds: marmalade, broken biscuits, Swiss chocolate and condensed milk.

Urination turns up quite often in pornography, defecation more seldom. Among great artists, Fragonard, the 18th Century French painter, did a picture of a woman having an enema. If the painting still exists, it ought to be popular in England, where constipation is something of an obsession, 'colonic irrigation' appearing in the small ads along with massage and other services. The world's constipation record is allegedly a year, and the sufferer was undamaged, demonstrating what the laxative freaks won't believe, that infrequency is not in itself harmful. The British don't have a monopoly of this fixation. Louis Armstrong was notoriously concerned with his bowels, dosing himself with Swiss Kriss, a powerful herbal laxative which he would recommend to unsuspecting friends. 'I didn't have time to get my jacket off,' said one poor chap. 'It ain't your jacket you got to worry about, daddy!' chortled Satchmo. The enema serves perhaps its strangest purpose in J K Huysman's novel *A Rebours*, whose hero, seeking the ultimate artificial lifestyle, abandons eating in favour of nourishment by broth enema. The ultimate enema threatens James Bond in the book *You Only Live Twice*, where the villains truss him up and sit him on the vent of a geyser. Needless to say, this scene was not used in the film.

From the fictional to the practical. Sanitary engineers developing new flush toilets face the question, how big is a turd? Before you decide the volume of water per flush, and the acuteness of the S-bend, you must know whether they will cope. To this end, an articial turd is made, of average size and weight. How do they arrive at the figures? Do they draw straws for the doubtful privilege of doing a survey? Does a chap in a white coat go round knocking at doors, armed with scales and ruler, crying 'Bring out your turds'?

In the Third World, of course, many people still have no toilets at all, and the consequent spread of excrement in its turn spreads disease. Introducing sanitary facilities is more than a financial problem; people's habits can be difficult to change. The women in one area were reluctant to use the new village privies, because the evening trip to the fields to relieve themselves was also a time for gossip away from their families. We Europeans were not always so bothered by our own bodily products either. King James I loved hunting so much he would not get off his horse for any purpose, which meant that, in the words of a chronicler, 'his servants had a pretty mess to clean up at the day's end.' At the other extreme, the Victorians would not acknowledge the mere existence of the toilet; lady visitors would suffer agonies, unable to ask where the loo was. The poor, as always were more down-to-earth. The evolution of attitudes had not pursued a regular 'curve', but has fluctuated, and written histories are themselves coloured by the prejudices of the writers. Against the frankness of Rabelais must be set the even earlier use of the word *garderobe* — a place to hang clothing — for the privy.

Folk tales and fairy stories were often scatalogical before they were bowdlerised for collection in books. In one old French tale, an orphan girl finds a magic doll. She needs only say 'Shit, little doll,' and it defecates gold. A neighbour steals it, but when he says the magic words it simply dumps all over him, so he throws it on the dung-hill. But later, when he is having a crap on the heap, the doll leaps up and fastens its teeth in his buttocks. Only the girl can make it let go. This calls to mind the poisonous redback spider of Australia which loves to lurk under the



James I loved hunting so much he refused to miss a moment of his enjoyment, even for a call of nature

If a girl pees in a man's shoe he will instantly fall in love with her, according to an old German supersition

Cat's waste products were once thought to cure baldness

seats of outside toilets or, even nastier, a tiny South American fish which, for reasons best known to itself, creeps up the orifices of people wading in rivers. It has backward-pointing spines and can't be pulled out . . .

Quick, think of something cheerful.

How about the curious custom there used to be in some French villages, of *plaiting* dung for display on the dung-heap? Or the old German superstition that, if a girl peed in a man's shoe, he'd fall in love with her. Conversely, if a young man put some of his girl's excrement in his shoes and wore them for an hour, he'd be cured of his infatuation. Sounds reasonable. It would play hell with your socks, though. Medicine used to be a branch of magic, frequently employing excreta, human and animal. Cat's dung was reckoned a cure for baldness; it would at least be cheaper than some remedies you see advertised, and probably as effective.

Domestic sanitation used to include the dear old chamber-pot, the po of our opening verse. When they were common, they were often elaborately decorated. The inside sometimes bore the words:

Use me well and keep me clean
And I'll not tell what I have seen.

During the Napoleonic Wars, English pots had a picture of Boney inside.

Public conveniences, rare in London before the late 19th Century, were a feature of ancient Rome. Instead of a toilet roll, the Romans had a bucket of salt water and a sponge on a stick. How often was it changed one wondered? Mind you, some races would regard toilet paper as woefully inadequate. The desert Arab employs sand (ouch!) and the marsh Arab water, using only the left hand for the purpose, reserving the right for activities such as eating. Mohammedans used to dry the penis after urinating by touching the tip on a stone wall, removing the final drop that usually homes in on your underpants. Christians, taking the opportunity for a jolly jape, would dust the wall with pepper, a pretty good excuse for a holy war.

Modern public toilets can be revolting enough. Oxford Circus tube station used to boast a particularly noisome example, and the Gents in at least one large London hotel announces its ammoniac self well before you open the door. Public loo doors, particularly in tourist-infested areas, often have pictorial labels as well as the usual LADIES and GENTS. Various simple silhouettes are used, but none are foolproof. A skirt-clad figure could confuse a drunken Scot or the occasional Greek soldier. I remember a Romanian toilet with pictures of footwear, but there again, the high-heeled boot might lead to embarrassment for touring Country-and-Western singers. Detailed drawings of the relevant genitalia might serve, but even they would have been inadequate for 19th Century Romanian cabbies belonged to the Skoptsi sect. The Skoptsi, then widespread in Russia and Romania, practised self-castration, to the extreme of removing the penis as well as usual goodies.

If that hasn't put you off your lunch, consider the case of the old lady on the airliner, where the toilets flush by suction. *Powerful* suction. The story goes, she flushed the loo while still seated, and was so fat and flabby her buttocks formed a seal. Half her intestines were sucked out. To be fair, some experts say it couldn't have happened; I hope they're right.

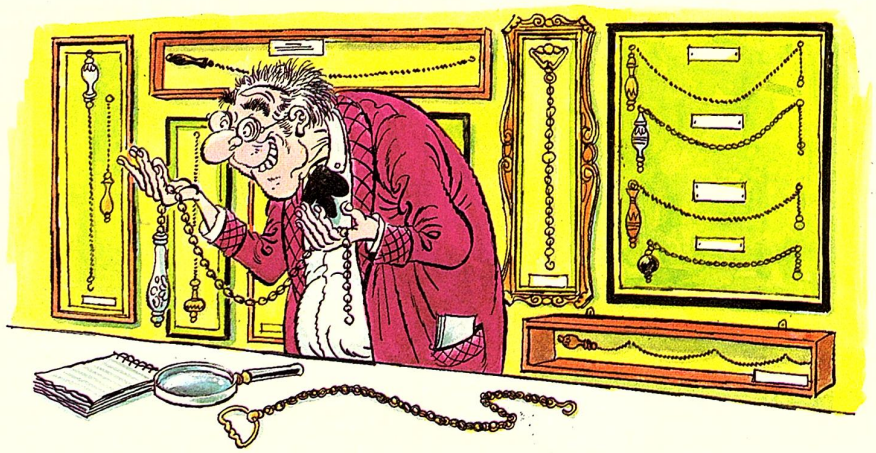
On a lighter note (and about time, you cry), whatever happened to all the lavatory chains? How many times have you found the chain in a public lavatory replaced with string? Are they stolen by hooligans for use as weapons, or is there someone with a collection, displayed in glass cases, labelled with their bogs of origin?

Probably most of us can tell true stories of toilet humour. I knew an indefatigable handyman who furnished his lavatory with an extractor fan that switched on automatically when the toilet was flushed. Alas, his wife made him dismantle it because it frightened her old mum. I have my very own tale, the Great Tooth-Cap Adventure. I was being fitted with a gold cap, and the dentist was making final adjustments, when it slipped from his forceps and I swallowed it. An X-Ray showed the thing sitting in the old tum, and they told me, 'You should get it back in two days time.' And I did find it. I washed it, took it to the dentist, and it's still in place as I write, many years later. Perhaps I ought to have marched into the surgery with a pail of shit and said, 'You dropped it, mate — you find it!' Someone remarked that if I could produce gold like that all the time, I could retire. Oddly enough, in the vocabulary of psycho-analysis, gold symbolises excrement.

Another accident wasn't actually excretory, but it must have seemed so, to some poor soul. One night, when I was in the RAF, I fell asleep eating a bar of chocolate in bed. I awoke next morning to find that I'd been lying on the choccie, which was a foot across, a tenth of an inch thick, and glued firmly to the sheet. Luckily this was a transit camp, and we all left for our postings that morning, so I quietly folded the sheet and handed it in with the rest of my bedding. Some laundryman must have had a nasty shock.

We began with a verse; maintaining the scholarly tone we'll end with another, attributed to Byron, no less. It is a hymn to Cloacina, the old Roman goddess of the privy.

O Cloacina, Goddess of this place,
Look on thy suppliants with a smiling face
Soft, yet cohesive let their offerings flow,
Not rashly swift nor insolently slow.



Why have public lavatory chains always been replaced with string? Is there someone with a collection displayed in glass cases?

The night we burned the White House

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Hill, where the Third Brigade was encamped. The First and Second Brigades had bivouacked on the outskirts of the city. For the rest of the night, the British occupation force which held the city centre of Washington consisted of that one solitary soldier outside the *National Intelligencer* office.

Later on in the night, the fires were put out by another heavy thunderstorm, but far too late to save any of the ruined interiors of Washington's public buildings.

In the morning, Captain Wainwright of HMS *Tonnant* took a party of sailors and marines ashore at the Navy yard to see if anything was left to destroy. They found several sheds still unburnt, and finished the job which the yard's commander, Captain Tingey, had started in self-defence.

Tingey had a lucky escape when he returned to the yard himself a few minutes after Wainwright's party had left. If he had been caught, he risked worse than capture. Tingey, like many members of the American forces, including the President himself, had been born in England and he could have been hanged for treason if he had been caught.

Now the work of destruction began again in the city. Major Timothy Jones of the First Brigade had his men use their Congreve rockets to set fire to the State, Navy, and War Departments.

Major Jones and his merry men now moved on to the *National Intelligencer* offices, where they broke the windows, wrecked the presses, and then threw all the trays of type out into the streets. Admiral Cockburn told them to 'make sure all the ''c's'' are destroyed, so the rascals can't abuse my name any more'. Earlier on, Cockburn himself had cheekily set a line of type with an insulting message which he hoped would find its way into some future issue of the *National Intelligencer* (It didn't).

By now there was not much left to burn. General Ross agreed not to burn the Marine Barracks, because the whole neighbourhood would have been set on fire. Three ropewalks were burned, although they were private property, because their product was vital to the US Navy.

Although the spectacle of fire and destruction was terrifying to the American spectators, General Ross made sure that discipline was maintained. He had seen in the Peninsular War how British soldiers could loot a city if they got out of hand, and he was determined that the sack of Badajoz would not be repeated in Washington. He had seven men flogged for theft. One man was flogged for stealing a goose, and groused that after 18 years in the army, it was hard to be flogged for 'taking a damn Yankee goose'.

In the afternoon a party was sent to a small fort at Greenleaf's Point to destroy 150 barrels of gunpowder left there. The soldiers threw the barrels down a well, but unfortunately the water in the well was not deep enough, and so after a while barrels of gunpowder began to pile up above the surface of the water as they were thrown in. Somehow or other the powder ignited, and in the explosion up to 30 men were killed (the number's uncertain) and 44 injured.

Later on in the afternoon, another thunderstorm, by far the worst yet, caused damage and disorganisation in the British encampment. General Ross decided that it was time to pull out of Washington. The mission had been accomplished, with success far beyond anyone's expectations, and with surprisingly few casualties. There were reports that the American Army was massing nearby for an assault to retake the city. Orders were given for a withdrawal during the night.

A clever disinformation campaign was started in the city to disguise the fact that the British occupation force was withdrawing to the coast. A curfew of 8 pm was announced, and Washingtonians were lead to believe that the Army would move on to attack Georgetown (whose citizens had already sent a delegation offering to surrender). The deception worked so well that the commissary branch managed to assemble a large number of vehicles to transport the lightly wounded without arousing any suspicion.

When darkness fell, the column began moving out, with the Third Brigade leading the way, followed by the Second and First. A few men remained in the encampment on Capitol Hill, ostentatiously wandering around among the campfires to make it seem that the camp still looked occupied.

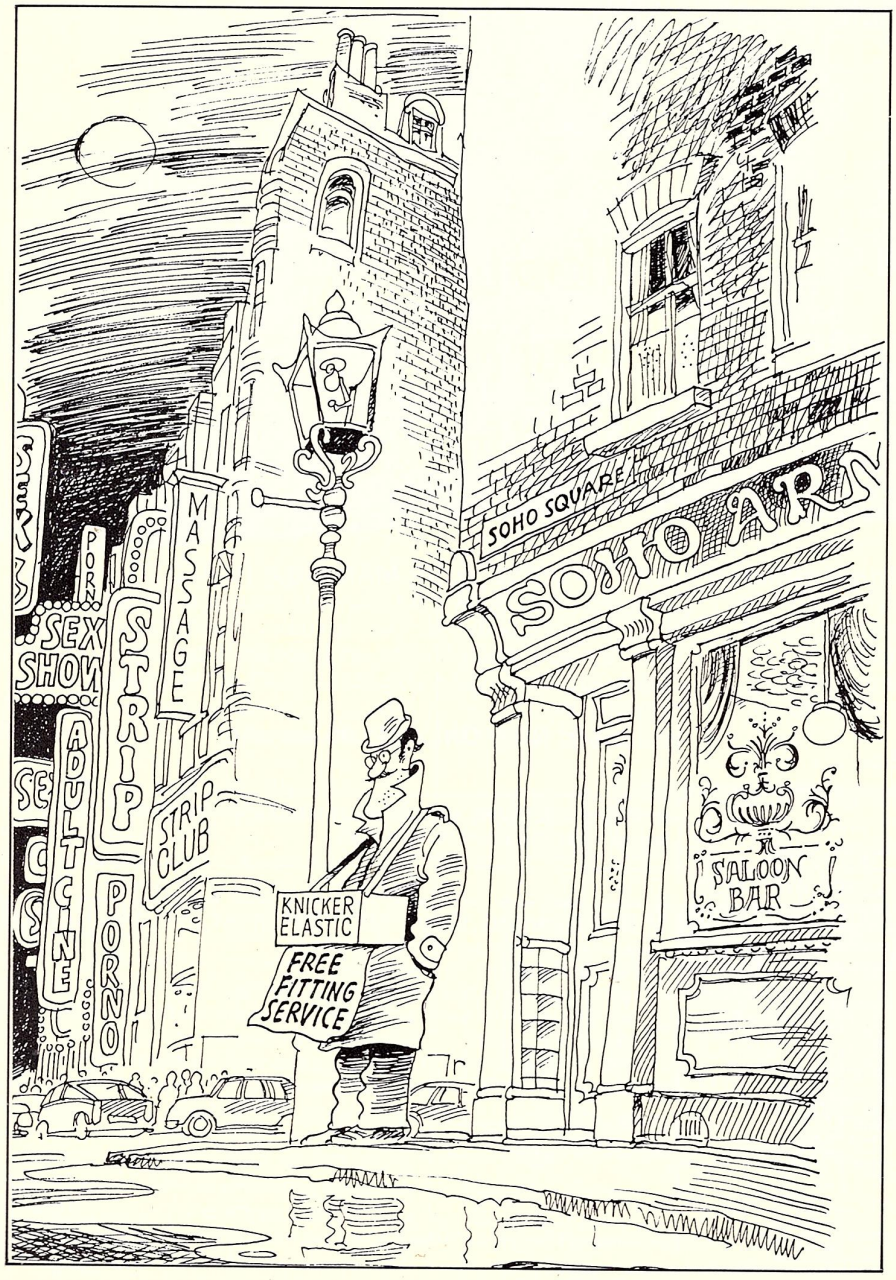
At midnight they reached Bladensburg, where the battle had been fought for the bridge over the Eastern Branch river. Some of the casualties from the engagement, who had been left behind, were picked up and loaded into the carts. Those who could not be moved were left in the care of the gallant Commodore Barney, who was still lying wounded at Bladensburg himself.

The march continued. The column was not attacked, but lost 111 men, most or all being deserters who believed they would have a better life if they stayed in the United States, instead of returning to an uncertain future in peacetime Britain, where they would be demobilished and thrown onto the streets.

On August 30 the column reached Benedict, where the fleet was still anchored, and, to the cheers of the sailors, they wearily boarded the ships, proud of their feat in capturing the enemy's capital city.

Six months later the war was over, and Washingtonians set about the job of rebuilding their city. The Capitol, still unfinished when it was burnt, was completed. But not until 1817 could President Madison move back into the renovated Executive Mansion.

It had been impossible to remove the marks caused by the burning, and a solution was found by painting the whole building white. Gradually it became known as the White House.

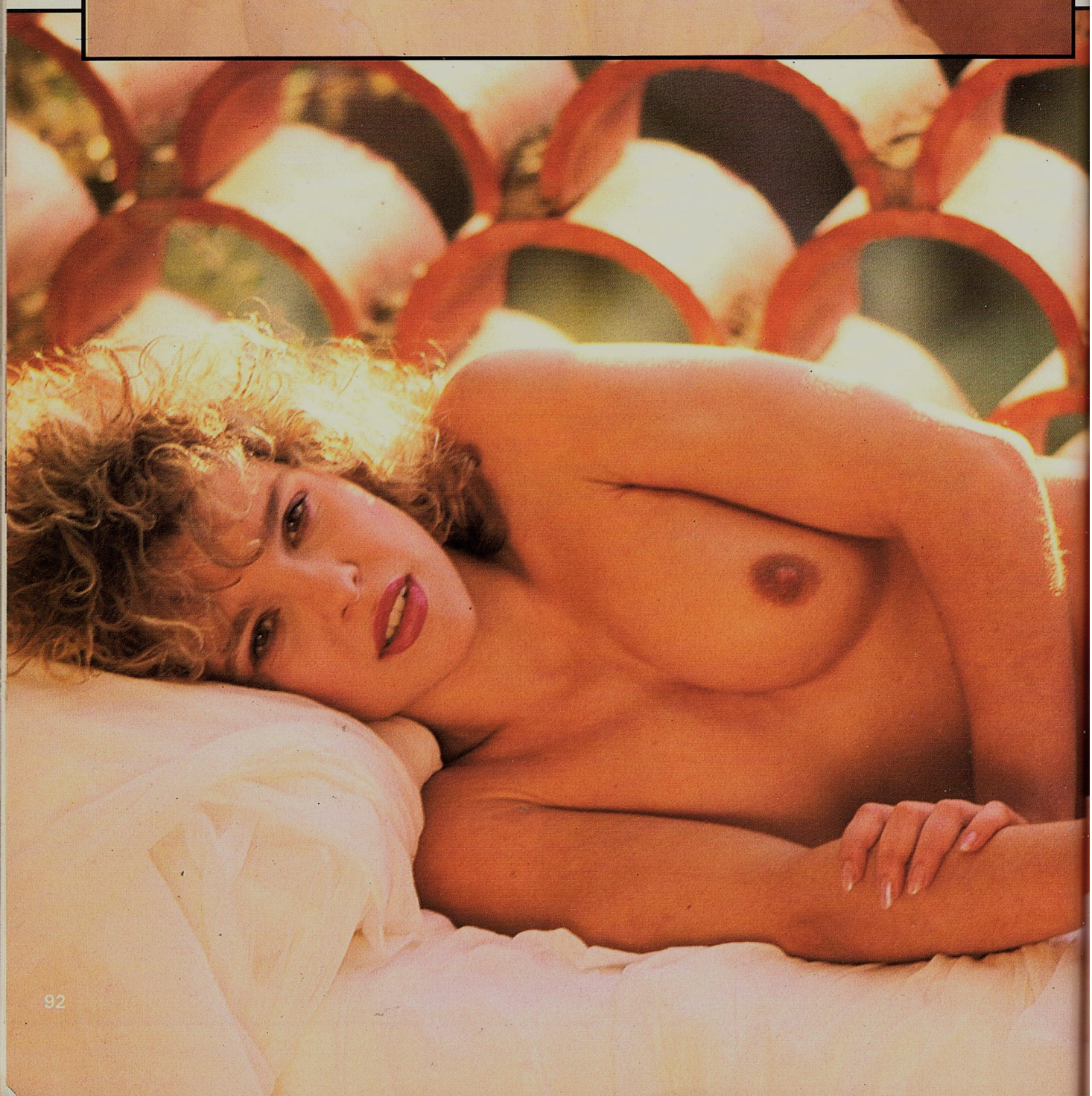


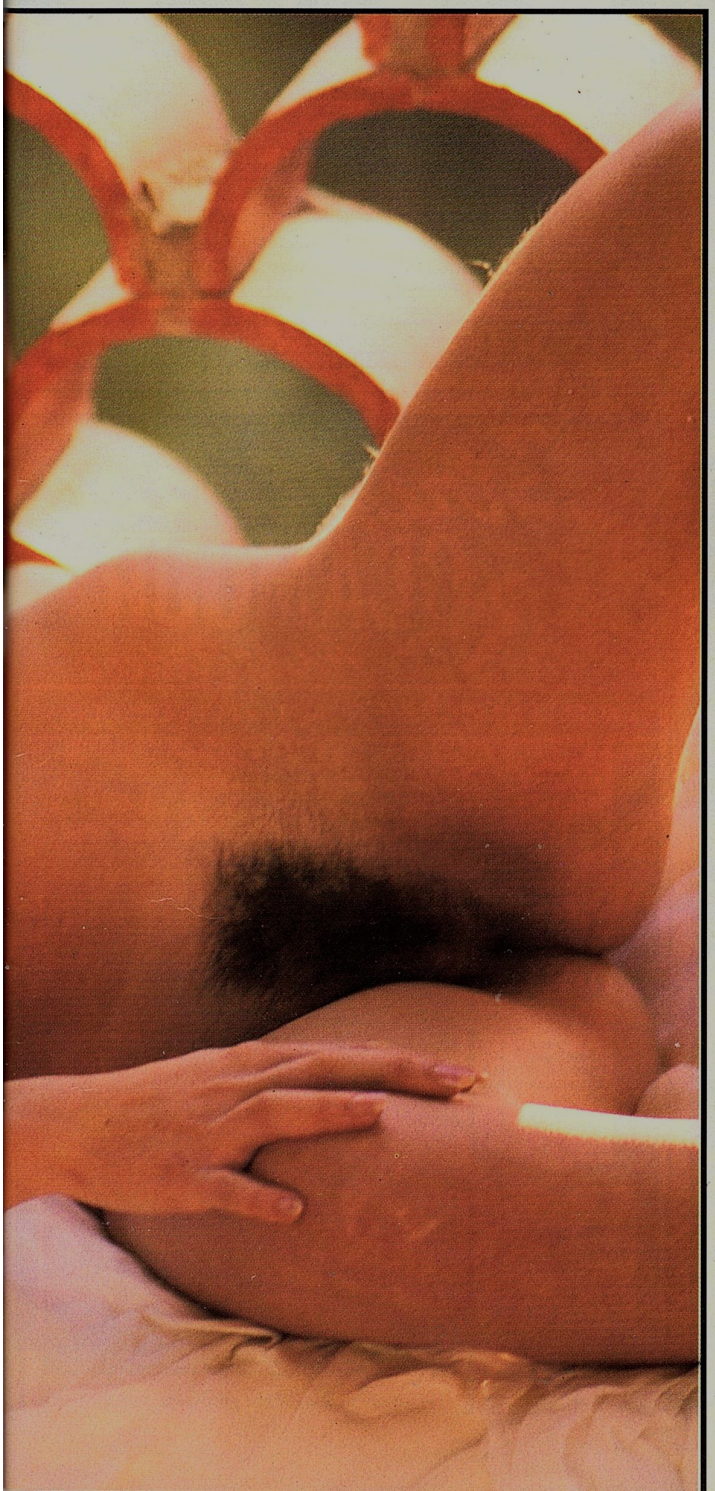
Valerie our Valentine

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

For Valerie Allison there's one day in the year above all others: February 14. It's not only St Valentine's Day, but also this year her 21st birthday. 'I always kid people when they ask me how many cards I received, and tell them around twenty. What they don't realise is that I'm actually talking about birthday cards.' Even so, this slimline 32-22-34 inch hairdresser from York, is never short of romantic Valentine cards from love-struck young men.

'My favourites are the ones I get from men which are unsigned. It's really interesting trying to work out who sent them to you.' Is Valerie planning to send any herself? 'I may well do,' she says. 'I have a couple in mind, but can't make my mind up who to send one to.' Valerie confesses that indecisiveness is her big problem. 'I'm always in two minds about everything I do, and because I look like Kylie Minogue, I get called the 'dizzy blonde.'





Valerie takes all the ribbing light-heartedly and even sings along to the popstar's songs when they come on the radio. 'The only problem is that when I do it at work, everybody else downs tools until I stop,' she laughs. A keen horse-rider, Valerie loves to get out and about. 'Unlike me, once my horse Pippa has made up her mind there's no budging her which can be a problem.'

The last touchdown

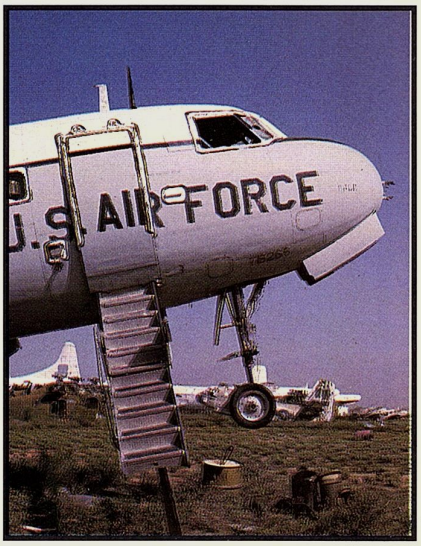
continued from page 40

compared to the sixties and seventies, and many uses are found for the obsolete aircraft stored at AMARC. Many return to service with the Air Force, Navy, Marines, Army or Coast Guard. Foreign military sales are also a good source of revenue, and in recent years these have included obsolete Navy S-2 Trackers to Peru and F-4 Phantoms to the British Royal Air Force.

Many state and local government agencies benefited from the disposal of the US Army's surplus helicopters in the post-Vietnam years. The US Customs Service utilises ex-Army OV-1 Mohawks for border patrol, and the California Division of Forestry has been given a large number of S-2 Trackers for conversion to fire bombers. Other obsolete aircraft have been donated to schools, museums and veteran organisations. One intriguing recent project begun by AMARC involves Battle Damage Repair Training courses, carried out in a secluded part of the storage area, where aircraft are 'shot up' and repaired.

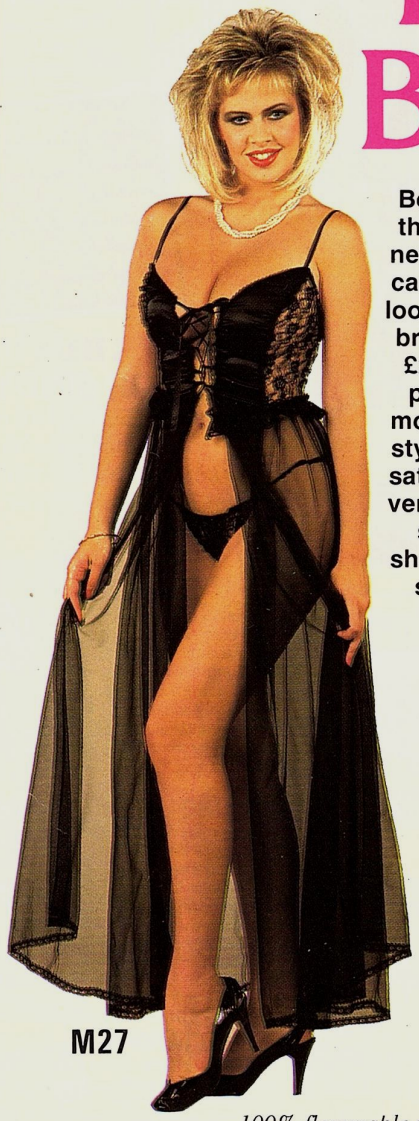
Approximately half of the aircraft sent to AMARC for storage will fly again, and, of the remainder, half will be used as a source of spare parts for aircraft still in service. When these aircraft have been picked clean they will be earmarked for disposal by the local office of the Defense Re-utilisation and Marketing Service, and sold. Sales catalogues are sent to eligible builders, who are allowed to inspect the aircraft; they are then invited to submit sealed bids for the aircraft in their current 'as is' state. Recent sales have included Boeing 707 airliners, following their reclamation for parts for Air Force KC-135's; largely intact Navy P-2 Neptune patrol aircraft and KA-3B Skywarrior carcasses. The smelting of aircraft still goes on in the local yards, and it can be a profitable business; some aircraft such as the A-4 Skyhawk are much sought after, due to the precious metals and alloys that can be reclaimed.

Today approximately 2,500 aircraft are stored on 2,262 acres of desert, surrounded by 13 miles of fencing. The latest available figures, for 1987, show that AMARC reclaimed 113,641 spare parts during the year 327 aircraft were received for storage, and 116 were withdrawn and returned to service. In spite of appearances, then, 'Desert Boneyard' is something of a misnomer. But, as a depository of America's recent aerial past, the Davis-Monthan field is quite unique.



The last exit: awaiting meltdown or recall

AND SO TO BED...



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THE MOMENTS YOU'LL NEVER FORGET

QUEST

For many women the approach of a thirtieth birthday can be a traumatic time, bringing perhaps the first awareness that physical charms — and the ability to attract and retain a sexual partner — can no longer be taken for granted. Quest talks to two women whose attitudes to sex changed dramatically at this period of their lives, and to one man who reaped the benefits

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Female
Age. . . . 32 years
Town of Origin. . . . Manchester
Other details. . . . This brunette interviewee worked as a journalist before moving into PR two years ago. She married at 24, was separated at 29, and now lives with her boyfriend.

Quest: Did you have an affair because you were bored with your husband?

Consultant: I was certainly bored with what we did in bed. When Graham began making love to me, I couldn't help dreadful thoughts, like, 'First he's going to nibble my boobs, then he's going to give me a little stroke between the legs — just enough to see if I'm wet. Now he's going to get on top of me —' I knew exactly what was going to happen in advance; it almost made it not worth doing. It wasn't the way I thought you should feel with someone you're supposed to care about. But really I was bored with myself. I was coming up to 30, and I felt I hadn't *done* anything with my life.

Quest: And your male stripper made you feel different?

Consultant: Yes, by showing me a world I hadn't even dreamed about. It knocked me sideways, which is what I needed.

Quest: But did you find him attractive in a sexual sense?

Consultant: Physically he was very attractive — he was 27 — but I'd never have become involved with him if that's all he'd been.

Quest: How did you meet?

Consultant: I interviewed him. I was trying to do some freelance work, get some decent cuttings together and use them to get a job in London or in magazines.

Quest: So you decided to do a piece on male stripping?

Consultant: Hen nights, actually. A friend of mine knew an agent who specialised in strippers, and he let me go along with him to a couple of pubs and a club. Max (name changed) happened to appear each time, so it was natural we got talking. But I would have talked to him anyway.

Quest: Why?

Consultant: He was a good talker, full of good quotes. He was also Australian — very bright in

some ways, but naive in others. I'm sure that because of that, I accepted things from him that would have put me right off from anyone else.
Quest: What sort of things?
Consultant: Things he did professionally. Not that his stage act was particularly outrageous. He gave the impression of being a very nice bloke, but taking part in a shared joke. Women seemed to warm to that. He was also a lot more at home in his own skin than the others. Having a superb body helped, too!
Quest: So you saw Max's penis before you had sex with him?
Consultant: Only a glimpse at the end of the stage act. That didn't make me want to sleep with him! Though I imagine a good number of his audience — including me — wondered what it would be like.
Quest: Was he so impressive?
Consultant: He called it 'a con cock,' When he was limp he looked big — bigger than I was used to anyway! Quite long, and very thick. My immediate thought was, 'My God, what's it like when it's *really* big?' Actually it didn't change that much at all!
Quest: But presumably his hen night audiences didn't realise that.
Consultant: No, but they weren't his only audiences.
Quest: Who were, then?
Consultant: Private hen nights in people's homes. Half a dozen women getting together for a hen party, or a Christmas treat, whatever. Like a Tupperware party, but they'd book Max instead. They were a lot less inhibited. Even Max had been surprised by what was expected. People got quite upset if 'Percy didn't put his cap on,' as he put it.
Quest: If he didn't have an erection?
Consultant: And if he didn't allow some 'handling of the goods.'
Consultant: Are you saying he offered sexual services to these women?
Consultant: He was asked, but he reckoned that wasn't the sort of performance he ought to be paid for, so he never did, or so he said.
Quest: Did you believe all this?
Consultant: I didn't actually care that much — the quotes were so good! Then I actually saw it.
Quest: A private hen party?
Consultant: Yes, in quite a smart area, too. Middle class women, mostly in their thirties. Tight as ticks, of course, but they'd obviously done it before. I went along as Max's 'assistant'; I was supposed to help with his costumes, and operate a portable stereo cassette system he used.
Quest: So you sat in the same room where Max performed?
Consultant: No. I suppose having a stranger just sitting there put them off. They stuck me in the kitchen behind a serving hatch. Still with the cassette controls. I could see most of what was going on through the hatch, which was half open, but I was definitely supposed to be 'behind the scenes.'
Quest: What did the act consist of?
Consultant: He did two spots — the first pretty much the same as his stage act.
Quest: Down to a full strip?
Consultant: Oh yes. I think the lady of the house got the honour of yanking the silver jockstrap off! Lots of shrieks and laughter for that. Then he dashed out the living room and back into the kitchen.
Quest: Completely nude?
Consultant: Apart from some silver boots, yes. I had a nice close-up view of his 'con cock' swinging away merrily! Though he put a wrap-around top on quite quickly.
Quest: How sexually charged was the atmosphere?
Consultant: Very, and surprisingly quickly. I thought there might have been a sense of embarrassment to get over, but Max just seemed to hit the right note almost straight off. I think the fact that it was someone's home helped. I mean, if you get a handsome stranger to strip off in your lounge you're obviously up to no good!
Quest: What about you?
Consultant: I found it a turn-on, even from behind! So did Max. He was quite open about it, which I actually quite respected him for. He still needed a couple of stiff vodkas before he did his second spot, though.
Quest: This was the more outrageous part?
Consultant: No elaborate costumes this time. Just a three-quarter length cloak he could wrap around himself, and basically a loincloth; not even that, actually — only a flap at the front, like a little apron. A pair of lovely, taut, bare cheeks at the back. It was very saucy. The music was smoochier too, and there was a lot less dancing about. From where I was sitting he just seemed to standing there with his hands behind his head.
Quest: Where?
Consultant: Right in front of his audience. They were in a half circle of armchairs and a sofa. Lots of oohs and ahhs, and giggles and stretching forward to see. One woman said, 'Oh, that's disgusting!' But she didn't stop staring. Then Max shrugged off his cloak and turned to one side, and I saw what the fuss was about.
Quest: He had an erection?
Consultant: His loincloth was sticking straight out from his crotch, a good six or seven inches. The material still kept it covered, but the only detail you missed was the colour. Then, as I watched, it suddenly jerked up another couple of inches, right under some woman's nose. She shrieked with laughter.
Quest: What was your reaction?
Consultant: It *was* disgusting, hiring a man to expose himself like that in front of you. But at the same time *I* couldn't take my eyes away. Then it did go over the top — in my view, anyway.
Quest: How?
Consultant: The woman who'd shrieked — she was in her mid-thirties, very smart, quite attractive — just raised her hand and slipped it under the loincloth.
Quest: How did Max react?
Consultant: Startled a bit, but he didn't move. The woman looked straight up into his face, very aware she was pushing her luck. All the others were staring at her, not saying a word. Then she chuckled, all shiny-eyed, obviously very turned-on. I could see her fingers curling round his shaft under the material, taking it easy, but making sure she got a bloody good feel. 'God,' she said, 'you can't believe how hard it is! I don't think Sydney's *ever* been this hard.' Someone said, 'Oh for God's sake, Mary.' But one of the older ones astonished me by virtually shoving the Mary woman out the way. This new woman was well-preserved, but she must have been 40, if she was a day. She plumped herself down beside Max, skirt up to her waist, pushed away the loincloth and just grabbed him.
Quest: She took hold of his penis?
Consultant: She put it in her mouth! It just disappeared between her lips, and she began sucking like there was no tomorrow, bobbing her head backwards and forwards, *and* bringing her other hand up between his legs to hold his balls. If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have believed it. Even Max looked taken aback. I heard him say, 'Careful, love, don't want any nasty accidents, do we?' I'm surprised he didn't have one.
Quest: He didn't ejaculate?
Consultant: No. The woman suddenly came up for air, and he just wriggled out of her grasp. I don't think she was too happy. But by then he'd done a swift swing round the others — loincloth halfway round his hip by now, of course — snatched up his cloak and was heading for the door. 'Christ,' he said to me in the kitchen, 'thought I was going to be rinsing her tonsils for a second there —!' Then we beat a retreat.
Quest: What was your reaction to all this?
Consultant: I was like a wet rag — literally. It was like watching a naughty dream come true. In the car beside him on the way home, I was amazed Max could be so normal about it. I asked if his audience usually fellated him. He said it happened fairly regularly, but generally only as a lick or two, as a dare. The lady tonight was unusual. Then I asked if he got terribly frustrated. That made him laugh. He said if it got bad he went straight round to his girlfriend's, so she always knew when he'd had an especially sexy night. It was all much too rude for a newspaper, but I was still fascinated. So when we got to his flat I asked if I could tidy up a few points, and he invited me in for coffee.
Quest: Did you intend to have sex with him?
Consultant: I suppose I did. But all I was aware of at the time was that I'd hadn't felt so completely sexual for ages, if at all. I didn't want to lose that feeling. We sat on the sofa and went on chatting. Then he said, 'This is really refreshing, talking about this to an attractive, respectable girl like you. Even my girlfriend thinks I'm a frustrated flasher — she won't even talk to me about the pecker performances — half the time I think she's right!' 'Don't be silly,' I said. 'You're giving a lot of women what they want. How often do they get a chance to look at a lovely male body, or a lovely penis, for that

He stood there in cloak and loincloth. Then a woman just slipped her hand beneath it

matter — especially when it's stiff. You don't find pictures of *that* in *Woman's Own*!' He laughed and I went bright red. I knew I'd done it.
Quest: What?
Consultant: Revealed myself. Ever since that woman had touched him all I'd thought about was his cock. It was as if it had been *me* fondling it, as if he'd already had me. He must have seen it in my face, because he stopped smiling, leaned over and kissed me. Then we were all over each other. When we paused for breath, he said, 'How in depth can we make this part of your research?' I grinned and said, 'I don't think you'll be needing your girlfriend tonight.' So we went into the bedroom and screwed ourselves stupid.
Quest: Satisfactorily?
Consultant: Oh blissfully. I'm sure, looking back, it was as much a performance as his stage act. He let go in me the first time, but then we went through three or four positions before it happened again, and he brought me off at least twice. It had been quite a while since I'd woken up with a sore pussy.
Quest: Did you see him again?
Consultant: Not to go to bed with. I just needed something, someone to give me a jolt, convince there was a life without Graham. Max did that.
Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name....Withheld
Sex.....Male
Age....27 years
Town of Origin....
Newcastle
Other details....This interviewee trained as a central heating engineer and now runs his own business. He is married with one young child.

Quest: Why were you so surprised to end up in bed with Teresa?
Engineer: For almost every reason I can think of! She was my college lecturer — even though I'd finished my course then. She was gorgeous — blonde, pretty, cracking figure — which was the only reason she got any lads in her class; engineers and plumbers wouldn't have given a stuff about 'liberal studies' normally. But, most important of all, she was 29. I was only a lad of 20.
Quest: The age difference bothered you?
Engineer: Of course. Every lad in her class fancied getting into her knickers — half of them pretended they *had*. But she was like a film star, you know. A gorgeous, sophisticated woman — she wouldn't take any crap in her class. The sort of fellows she'd know would be suave buggers in their thirties or forties, with plenty of cash. We all knew none of us stood a chance.
Quest: So how did you crack it?
Engineer: It took a long time for the penny to drop. I think there were lots of reasons for it. The main one was it never occurred to me an

QUEST

attractive woman like that would ever get lonely, or not be able to find a bloke.
Quest: What happened them?
Engineer: I'd only done a couple of block releases with her, but she knew me — only because I'd put up my hand a couple of times in class. Then about a month after I'd finished I bumped into her in the street. She told me she was thinking of extending her central heating to an attic extension she'd just had done. Could I ask my firm to do a quote? Without thinking, I offered to look at it myself. I was engaged then — briefly — but I was meant to be saving up. I thought I might do a bit of moonlighting. But I was really surprised when I saw how she lived.
Quest: Why?
Engineer: There was no sign of a man, which astonished me. And she had a daugther of nine. I'd never even thought about her private life before. Anyway, the job was pretty straightforward, so I arranged to do it for her, cut price,

'She seemed more amused than upset. 'When am I going to get my knickers back?' she asked'

over a weekend and a few evenings. She said she'd send the kiddy to stay with her mother, so I spent the first couple of evenings on my own — Teresa had evening classes. Of course, I had to turn off radiators in every room, including her bedroom. So I had a look round — I know I'd no right to — and I found a vibrator in her bedside drawer. Which blew my mind.
Quest: Why?
Engineer: I thought the last thing a woman like her would be short of was the real thing! Anyway, I got a big over-excited.
Quest: How exactly?
Engineer: She had some underwear in the same drawer, including a pair of really sexy silk knickers, and I got a hard on and wrapped them round it. And couldn't stop myself coming. I knew it was bloody stupid as soon as I'd done it. So I panicked and tried to wash them in the bathroom — you can imagine what that did to pure silk. Then I just prayed she wouldn't miss them — I couldn't imagine buying a replacement on my own. That was the first disaster.
Quest: There was another?
Engineer: At the weekend. Karen, my fiancee, was always on at me to make extra money, but as soon as it meant I couldn't take her out at the weekend there was hell to pay. She was also insanely jealous. God knows why; she was a gorgeous-looking girl — I'm pretty average, *I'm* the one who should have been worried about other people. But she'd always gone out with flash, beach god types before, who'd really messed her about. I think she was afraid I was just sneakier at doing the same. Anyway, she turned up unexpectedly at Teresa's house on the Saturday evening — Teresa was out. We had our usual row. And one thing led to another. I think tht was the only saving grace in the relationship. She'd work us both up into a virtual frenzy, when it was all I could do not to hit her, then suddenly it would all turn into mad passion.
Quest: So you had sex?
Engineer: On Teresa's living room carpet. We went at it hammer and tongs. I had Karen's sweater round her neck, her bra off, sucking and fondling her boobs. At the same time she was tearing my jeans down, pushing her hand into the top of my pants, tugging at my cock. Then she helped me yank down her knickers and tights — I think we only got one leg of the tights off. Then she was pulling me on top of her, guiding my cock into her pussy, and I was fucking her, while she moaned and panted and gasped. They were the only things we did well together — rowing and screwing. Karen loved being fucked. And, of course, I was still inside her when the front door rattled and Teresa walked in.
Quest: What happened?
Engineer: Teresa said, 'Oh, sorry to disturb you,' and went upstairs. Karen was mortified. She just snatched up her things, straightened her clothes and left without a word. Naturally I got the blame later on. I was terrified I'd blown my deal with Teresa. I just dressed, shouted up the stairs what I'd done and said goodnight. I expected not to be let in the next day, but she was perfectly normal, and I finished about lunchtime. Then she went round with me as I vented the radiators and did a final check. There was a slight leak in her bedroom, but that was easy to put right. So I asked her if she was satisfied. She said, 'Obviously not as much as your visitor last night.'
Quest: How did you react to that?
Engineer: I blushed to my boots, and started gabbling that Karen had invited herself — I hadn't meant anything like that to happen — But she cut me short; she seemed more amused than upset. 'Don't worry,' she said. 'It's time this place saw a bit of passion again. What I'm more concerned about is when I'm going to get my silk knickers back.' That just floored me. I couldn't even speak properly. I began stammering about spilling some radiator fluid on them, having to get them cleaned properly first — talk about digging my own grave. Halfway through I saw her face change, and I knew I'd made it absolutely clear what I'd been up to. In fact I still had the things in my tool bag downstairs, so I went to get them — mainly to get away. But she was standing right in front of me, quite near the bed, so I brushed against her. She put her arm up against my chest, stopping me, and asked where I was going. Then she said, 'I don't actually mind you playing about with my knickers — it's quite a compliment, having seen your busty girlfriend downstairs.' Then I realised she was grinning.
Quest: Did you find that so hard to believe?
Engineer: The idea that she might actually fancy

QUEST

me hit me like a ton of bricks. I didn't think at all. I just bent down and put my lips against hers. I didn't even kiss her properly. Her smile vanished instantly. I thought, Now you've *really* fucked things up! Then all of a sudden she lifted her head up and kissed me back. And it was a proper kiss. Five minutes later we were in bed.

Quest: Who made the first move in that direction?

Engineer: She did. As we were kissing I brought my hand round onto her boob — very tentatively — she wearing a sweater and jeans. Then she pulled away and closed the curtains, and took the sweater off. She was just wearing a bra underneath, then she looked at me and said, 'Well, get undressed. I've got my daughter coming home at five.' So we both undressed, she slipped under the sheet and I got in beside her. She had a lovely body — very slim — with beautifully round boobs, a bit smaller than Karen's but a much nicer shape. Her skin was soft, too — not as tight somehow as Karen's, but Karen was only 19. I didn't mind, though; I was on cloud nine — I didn't really believe it was happening until I was actually up her.

Quest: How soon did you have intercourse?

Engineer: Almost straightaway. She seemed to want me on top of her as soon as possible. Then I found her hole, and slipped my cock inside, and humped about half a dozen times. She closed her eyes and was gasping and holding me and seemed to be liking it. Then I couldn't stop myself and let fly. But, as I started to come, she clapped her hand over my bum cheeks and squeezed them as if she was trying to milk me. And she opened her eyes and stared up at me, hissing; 'That's it — that's it — all of it — fill me up —' as if she hadn't really been carried away at all. In fact, I know she hadn't been.

Quest: Why?

Engineer: A couple of minutes after I'd finished and dropped beside her, she suddenly sat up. 'Now we'll really start to enjoy ourselves,' she said. And she pushed back the sheet, ducked down over my legs, and the next thing I felt was her warm breath and her tongue on my limp cock. Though after a couple of minutes that it wasn't very limp any more! Then we did exactly what she'd promised.

Quest: You had intercourse again?

Engineer: I screwed her from on top again, from behind, then with her on top, and I managed to come a couple of times. Which I wasn't used to doing at all. With Karen it had always been slam-bang, then she was pulling her knickers back on. After two hours of Teresa I was a wreck, and madly in love.

Quest: So did the relationship continue?

Engineer: She thanked me very much, said it was the nicest compliment a woman her age could have, and she could face her thirtieth birthday quite happily now. But if I breathed a word about it she'd deny everything.

Quest: That was the end?

Engineer: Not quite. I called back once, and we did it again. Then she called me, but when I went she had a fellow of about 40 with her, so I assume it was her way of warning me off. I'll never forget her, though.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE

Name....Withheld
Sex....Female
Age....31 years
Town of Origin....Deptford
Other details....This interviewee, a well-proportioned redhead, has always worked in retailing. She now manages a boutique and lives with her boyfriend and young child.

Quest: Would you say Kevin cheated you?

Manageress: He certainly pulled a fast one. I *assumed* I was getting him away from Sharon.

Manageress: It didn't occur to you he had a threesome in mind?

Manageress: Well, it doesn't, does it? Not to me, any rate!

Quest: But you still went ahead with it?

Manageress: Yes — I wanted a kiddie.

Quest: You wanted Kevin to impregnate you?

Manageress: I'd been off the pill for nearly six months — and *he* wasn't using anything.

Quest: Were you so fond of him?

Manageress: I *fancied* him a lot. He was nice looking. I thought he'd make a nice baby. I knew it wasn't sensible, but that didn't matter. I was coming up to 30. I heard the clock ticking. It just got to me, I suppose.

Quest: Hadn't you just broken up with a boyfriend?

Manageress: Maurice and I had been together for nearly five years — he didn't want children. So I told him I'd get a baby off the first man who'd give me one.

Quest: Are you normally so impulsive?

Manageress: No, but there are times in my life when I just have to get out of the rut. It's like a panic. The last time was 11 years ago.

Quest: What happened?

Manageress: I was living at home, out of work, always rowing with my dad. I couldn't afford to leave — I thought I'd go crazy.

Quest: So what did you do?

Manageress: I answered an ad in a newsagent. 'Girls wanted for photographic modelling. Experience not necessary.' Only handwritten. I never told anyone, which was stupid. It could have been a maniac.

Quest: Who was it?

Manageress: Just a guy in a fairly grotty council flat. Short and thin and pasty-faced with thick pebble glasses. He used to wear terrible check jackets and hand-knitted pullovers — everything clashing. He must have been in his fifties. Meek as a lamb, though — given he was a dirty sod.

Quest: What did he want you to do?

Manageress: He wanted to take 'artistic figure studies' of me, which basically meant stripping off in front of him. I wouldn't even take my cardigan off! He paid me anyway, though. I don't think he'd had many other replies! Then a fortnight later I went back again, and it went on from there. I ended up going every couple of weeks or so for nearly three months.

Quest: Did you strip off for him?

Manageress: It took about a month to get my

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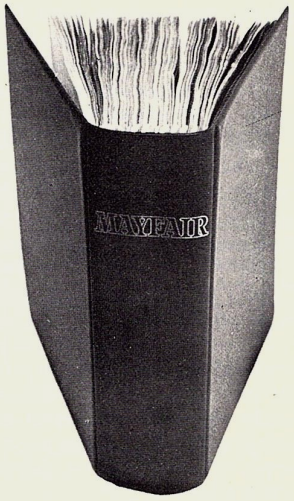

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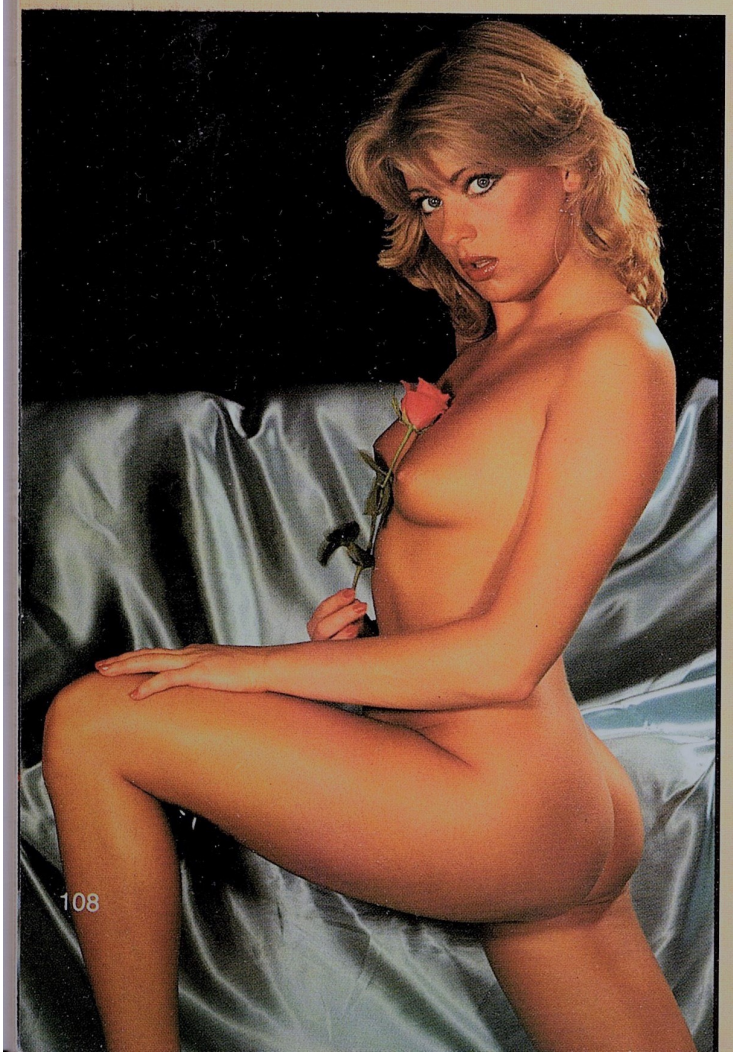
NETTA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GERTH SERNELIN

According to blonde 25-year-old Netta Stevens, beauty is only skin deep, and what matters most is the personality that lies beneath. Working as a beauty therapist in her home town of Eastbourne, has made this friendly 32-24-32-inch lady appreciate that a person's personality is just as important as the way they look. 'When I was younger, I always used to judge a person on the way they looked.' she explains.

'Now I realise that physical good looks don't mean everything.' Netta does confess however, to being vain; and admits she worries about her appearance. 'I think people should make the best of themselves, but I would never go as far as to have plastic surgery on my body.'



When not pampering customers' bodies, Netta gets away from it all with a spot of water skiing off the Sussex coast. 'I've always been a water sports fan, and first learnt to ski when I went to Greece on holiday five years ago.' Even in the chilly winter months, Netta's more than happy to slip into her wet suit, and brave the icy sea for an early morning water ski.

'It's probably the most exhilarating sport I know, and really tones your muscles up. There I go again, talking about the body beautiful,' she laughs. Next year, Netta hopes to buy her own speed-boat, so her brother can take her out whenever she feels like it. 'You never know, one day I might be able to achieve my life-long ambition and water ski across the Channel and back in one day.'

LETTERS

continued from page 8

myself in a very short nightshirt, little was left to the imagination.

I showed him upstairs to the water tank, which just happened to be in the bedroom. I could tell by the way he was undressing me with his eyes, he wouldn't need much persuasion. I brushed passed him, which made my nipples stiffen and strain against the flimsy material of my nightshirt. As he knelt down to inspect the supposedly leaking tank, I stood very close to him with my legs slightly apart. At first he pretended not to notice, but I could already detect his growing excitement. I knelt down next to him, and slowly glided his hand between my thighs. By now, he had such a throbbing erection, I could hardly tear my eyes away from his trousers. Having overcome this burst of excitement, I leaned over and kissed him, exploring his mouth with my tongue.

I slowly undid his fly, and pushed down his trousers to his knees, noticing as I did so, he wasn't wearing any underpants. I grasped his penis, and he gave a low moan. As I did this, he started to caress my clitoris with one hand, while the other began to knead and tease my nipples. I released my hold on his manhood, and pulled my nightshirt over my head, before resuming my grasp on his tool which was now at its prime.

By this time, Sally was getting hot and horny in the bathroom as she listened to our moans and groans. A short while later, she dropped her towel, and walked into the bedroom. Sally was instinctively drawn to the sight of the plumber's hard cock, and licked his entire length, while stroking the inside of his thighs.

Being unable to control herself any longer, Sally impaled herself on his massive penis. As she thrust her hips backwards and forwards crying out in ecstacy, he ground himself deeper and deeper, until Sally could take no more and exploded in an earth shattering orgasm. Not wanting to miss out, I laid on the bed with my legs open and ushered him towards me. As my vaginal muscles tensed, I had a feeling of fullness and moved rhythmically over his shaft. As I shook and squirmed, he gave a loud cry and withdrew.

As his erection subsided, we all lay motionless in total satisfaction. As we expected, he told us on his exit there would be no charge for his services, and to call him any time we needed the emergency treatment. The next time we had a girls' night, we certainly had a story to tell.

KC, Nottingham

Unfair prejudice

I'm writing to congratulate you on two girl sets in Vol 23 No 9, which made the issue for me. Firstly, I found the pictures of Isabel Harrison superb, being stylish shots of a stylish subject. Frankly, I didn't think that they looked much like great oil paintings, although they were effective photographs. What was important was Isabel herself. She has the look of a an intelligent and very classy lady, with an appealing thoughtfulness in her expression — and a very good body as well.

Secondly, as something of a contrast Amanda Forbes displayed a pert sexiness to her figure that set off her dark sultry face to excellent effect. The only thing that worried me, was the suggestion in the text that Amanda had to overcome prejudices about her colour to succeed as a model. This reminded me that men's magazines rarely seem to publish shots of coloured girls. I hope this doesn't mean that men don't find dark skin sexy.

If anybody out there, whether really racist or just narrow-minded, has something against coloured girls, they ought to look at Amanda's pictures. I certainly enjoyed doing so. I always think racism is stupid when applied to judgements about attractiveness. Here's to more sets like these.

MR, Herts

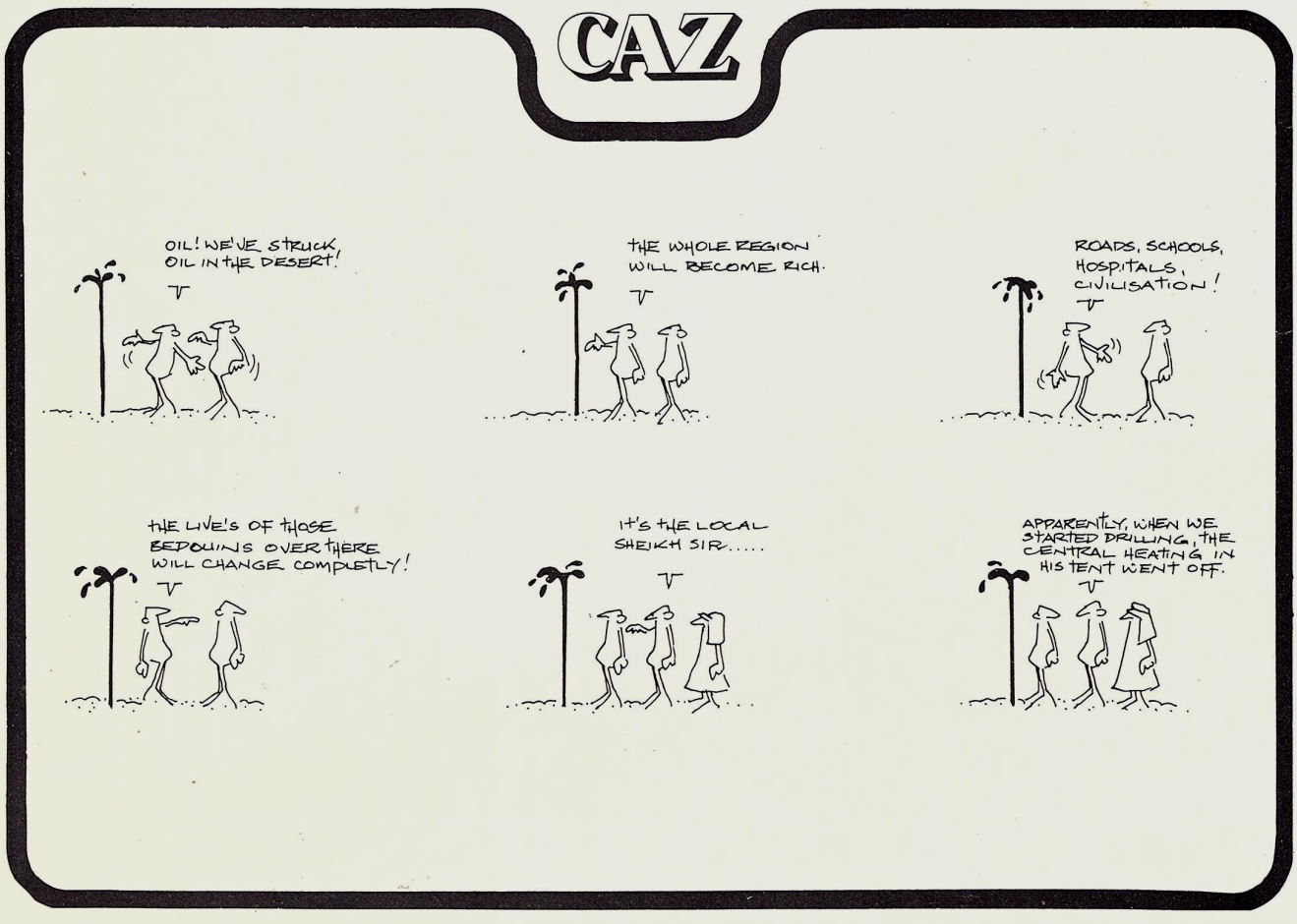
Prize collection

Ever since *Vol 20 No 12*, I have been waiting for the re-appearance of Emma Daley. You obliged in Vol 23 No 11. She really is lovely. Vol 24 No 1 contains two ladies who start the year off well. I refer to Melinda Adams and Lena Gallagher. The photograph of Lena on page 47, just goes to show how arousing an attractive girl can be even if she is fully clothed. A later one of her on page 53, has to be one of the most provocative pictures I've seen for many a year. Next year will see Volume 25 — a quarter of a century of *Mayfair*. So to mark it, why not feature a photograph from every girl you have featured? By my rough calculations, that would be between 1100 and 1200 photographs.

These could be published with no features or fiction etc . . . say in six bi-monthly magazines. Just a thought, but it would show how *Mayfair* has developed so highly over the years.

GH, Pinner

Thanks for those thoughts. We'll keep them in mind.



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